CROMWELL and HIS TIMES

G. H. Pike

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OLIVER CROMWELL AND HIS TIMES

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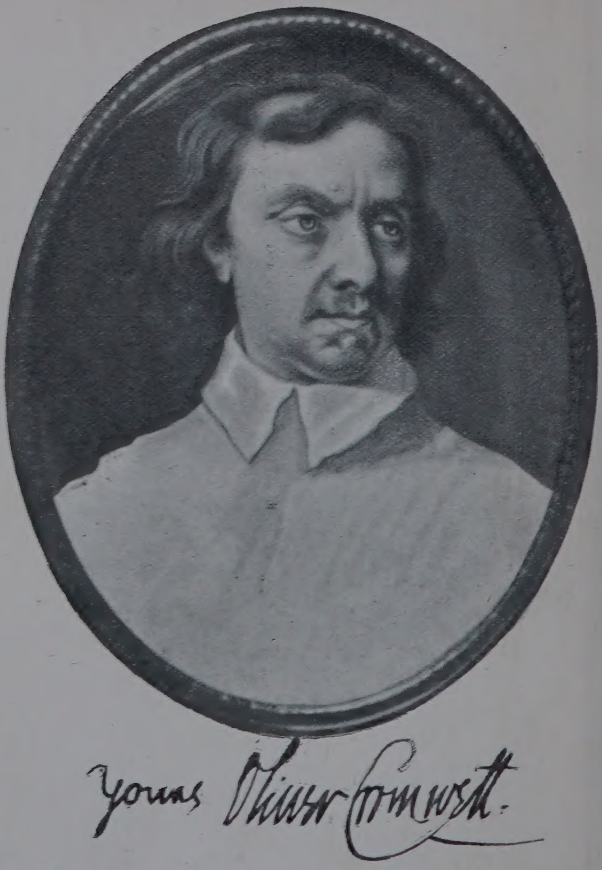

The original of this portrait of Oliver Cromwell, painted by Cooper, was left to the Baptist Museum in Bristol, by the Rev. Andrew Gifford, D.D.

[*Frontispiece.*

OLIVER CROMWELL AND HIS TIMES

SOCIAL, RELIGIOUS, AND POLITICAL LIFE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

BY

G. HOLDEN PIKE

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE AND WORK OF CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON," &c., &c.

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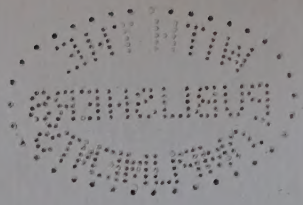

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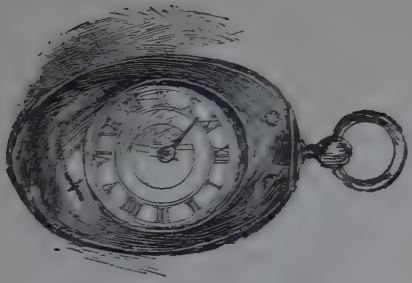


CROMWELL'S WATCH.

CHAPTER I

THE FAILURE OF DESPOTISM

IN some respects the accession of the House of Stuart to the throne of England may have been a disappointment on both sides. In those days Scotland was practically a distant nation, the manners and customs, the religion, and political system of which were so totally different from what was found south of the Tweed, that a man coming from Edinburgh was in all respects a foreigner in London. While this was the case with James I. when he entered his new capital in May, 1603, the people as little understood their new monarch as he himself did the English constitution. Coming as he did from a colder and more bare

northern country, the greater wealth and hospitality of his new kingdom made it a veritable land of promise to a man like James, whose life had been characterised by many hardships and increasing vexation. Under any circumstances, a Scottish king would have been regarded as somewhat of an intruder after forty-four years of strong rule under Elizabeth; and only by tact and by adapting his bearing and policy to the sympathies, prejudices, and institutions of his new subjects, could a king, in succeeding to the throne of the great Queen, hope to establish himself in the good opinion of those who venerated her memory. But James had no tact; nor had he any notion of adapting his action or political policy to any one's liking save his own. His kingcraft knew nothing of condescension to inferiors; kings were not made for kingdoms, but kingdoms for kings; he stood alone among those he ruled as one having absolute authority; and what would not bend before his sovereign will must break. It was this 'Solomon the Second' who sowed the wind, for his successor to reap the whirlwind of civil war in less than forty years.

That fatal obstinacy which prompted the King to retain what he called his royal pre-

rogative, showed itself a few days after he had crossed the Border on the way to London. People who regarded the law as the foundation of English liberty, and remembered in what sense the last address of the late Queen to the Commons was a genuine patriotic utterance, now soon realised that they had a king who was a law unto himself. At Newark he signed a warrant for hanging a thief who was detected in his crime; and as one observer perceived, that if a man could thus be hanged before he was tried, another might be tried before he had offended. The spirit which dictated such an act of despotism supplies the key which enables any one to understand what followed in the era of civil war, or still later in the Revolution of 1688. The policy of Elizabeth and of the Protestant Reformers was set aside in order to favour the ignoble cause of Spain. The Pope Clement VIII., distinguished as the patron of a standard edition of the Vulgate, had nothing but praise for James's *Basilicon Doron;* and while Jesuits at Rome were saying prayers for the English King, and even counting on his 'Conversion,' the Romish party in London were as jubilant and hopeful as the Puritans were downhearted. The King soon fell out with them; but before long the resistance of

Parliament to his despotic encroachments made a political patriot no more lovely in his eyes than a Calvinist. In private life the features of the King's character were utterly despicable; the pagan vices hinted at in the opening of the Epistle to the Romans characterised the English Court. Hence, in estimating the King's character, an anonymous writer once said: 'Even his better qualities leaned to the side of vice or weakness; his easiness of temper was but an indolent sensuality, and his pacific disposition and aversion to war mere pusillanimity and cowardice. Of dignity or elevation of mind he had no conception; his tastes, opinions, passions, and habits were all alike, low and vulgar, if indeed for some of them these be not far too gentle epithets.'

As a man, in his private character and home life, Charles I. was vastly superior to his father; but it soon became evident that he had been too apt a scholar in the school of kingcraft to allow of his becoming a successful ruler. The example of James had taught his successor to dismiss one Parliament after another in anger if they showed any stickling for those great principles which would find expression in the Petition of Right. The Stuart notion of a Parliament appears to have

been that it was a representative body whose duty it was to grant supplies for the expenses of the Court and the Government, but which had no right to discuss business matters concerning which the King had not asked their opinion. Charles continued this promising course just where his father left off; one breach of trust was covered by a greater being committed, until, at last, outraged public opinion and the protests of Parliament seemed only to add impetus to the royal policy. Hence, while Charles was a far better man, he was really a more foolish, a more short-sighted king than James. The encroachments which James had timidly began by asking a 'Benevolence,' when parliamentary supplies failed, Charles carried boldly forward, until he not only levied illegal imposts, but exacted ferocious penalties such as the law would not have allowed even had they been in agreement with the constitution.* The breach between the King and Parliament was also widened by the intense anti-Romish feeling of the people and their representatives in the two Houses. James may have weathered a similar storm by his withdrawal from the proposed Spanish marriage; but the royal sapling, who was now in power, would neither bend nor compromise. Murmurs of gathering storm seemed

only to act as a stimulus to make him more stubborn or defiant. It was indeed a Rehoboam who had succeeded Solomon; and, in effect, he said to the Parliament, which was pledged to resist encroachments on the constitution: 'My little finger shall be thicker than my father's loins. For whereas my father put a heavy yoke upon you, I will put more to your yoke: my father chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions' (2 Chron. x.). There was thus much in common between Rehoboam, the successor of Solomon, and Charles who came after 'Solomon the Second.' His answer to the anti-Romish feeling was his taking a Roman Catholic wife who came to London with a formidable train of ecclesiastical attendants.

Having dismissed two Parliaments in fifteen months, it was hardly to be expected that the King would for long agree with a third. When, however, he had assented to the Petition of Right, and the Commons had voted their subsidies, the bells and bonfires in London showed that the people were welcoming what they thought to be better times. The fact was that they were on the eve of Charles's grand experiment of ruling without any Parliament at all. When his third Parliament insisted that revenue could not be collected without their

consent, they too were dismissed by the King, who would not have them question what he called his right. Then commenced that remarkable time of eleven years without a Parliament which preceded the Civil Wars. It was surely one of the most memorable periods in our English annals.

While the King is the central figure, the two subordinates who rank next in importance are Strafford and Laud, one a chief officer of State, the other the Primate of the Church, and who entered into a religious and political alliance in carrying out a policy of 'Thorough and Thorough,' which should suppress once and for ever the civil and religious liberty of the English people. Strafford was the only one of the three who showed exceptional abilities; and the wonder is that so shrewd a man, and one who had been trained in liberal ideas, should not have shown sufficient shrewdness better to discern the signs of the times. Charles had been taught to believe in the divine right of kings; the churchman being narrow-minded and of sacerdotal tendencies, simply aimed at becoming pope of the Anglican Communion from whose views and decisions there should be no appeal.

If any man could have governed England without a Parliament, Charles might have

succeeded; for in one sense the times were favourable even to so hazardous an experiment. In temporal things the country appears to have been so prosperous during that ominous fourth decade of the seventeenth century that Clarendon says that 'the like peace and plenty, and universal tranquillity for ten years was never enjoyed by any nation.' At the same time this apologist for the King allows that what he calls scandalous and grievous abuses prevailed. Charles no doubt thought it to be a proof of royal magnanimity when he made trial of three Parliaments successively before he finally gave up having aught to do with popular representatives as being too intractable for his purpose. But although the first Parliament was dismissed because it was not sufficiently pliable, the others had to follow because they showed themselves to be of the same mettle. It was inevitably so with a man whose notions of the royal prerogative were those of a king who ruled in the mediæval age, and who did not realise in what degree times and nations had changed a century after the Reformation.

Having then dismissed two Parliaments in fifteen months, Charles's third Parliament assembled in January, 1629. As regarded the intelligence, wealth, and patriotism of its

members, the House of Commons was probably as eminent as any which has ever sat at Westminster. The Puritan and Calvinistic element was strong in their midst, and this was opposed by Arminianism among the clergy of the Established Church. Speaking broadly, the Calvinists defended the rights of Parliament and the popular cause, while the Arminians extolled the royal prerogative and the divine right of kings to absolute power; and hence, it was inevitable, when the temper of each opposing force was taken into account, that the controversy should culminate in civil war.

We can barely do more than glance at the grievances which irritated the Commons; and meanwhile, we may remember, that the general prosperity of the common people would naturally check their discontent. Still the expedition against Rochelle and its Huguenot inhabitants fanned the popular indignation into white heat. Tonnage and poundage had been collected by the authority of the King alone; and if he carried out his resolve of reigning without a Parliament, the collection of taxes imposed by himself would under such conditions become a necessity; so that from the Puritan standpoint, the day of dissolution was, as one remarked, a more sad and gloomy day for England than had happened during five

centuries. Charles, who was a most uxorious husband, as Mrs. Hutchinson shows, was at last tempted to take his wife's advice to 'be a king like the king of France.' Although this might be impossible, Charles persevered in his endeavours to carry it out. The tyrannical Star-Chamber, with its illegal convictions, was maintained in full vigour. The legitimate progress of national industries was hindered by monopolies in all sections of trade; and while some profit was made out of these, the inconvenience they caused to consumers was not considered. Thus, only one company might make soap, and as might have been expected, the soap was both inferior and dear. A heavy fine was imposed on each house erected in London; and by the royal order over forty houses in the vicinity of Charing Cross were actually pulled down because this farseeing monarch had ordered that London was not to grow any bigger! The houses were not only demolished, a fine of £2,000 was imposed on account of their not having been pulled down before. There was no end to the petty interference of a monarch who thought that he could impose taxes at will much better than any Parliament could impose them for him. He also undertook to state the prices at which provisions might be sold, the result being that

producers refused to bring their goods into the City, and prices rose accordingly. From one end of the country to the other the people were worried by the collection of such imposts as the King thought well to invent, and which had to be increased according to his needs. People might well ask, in bated breath, whether a crisis was hastening on, or whether the Petition of Right was to remain a dead letter. John Hampden became the distinguished representative of those who refused to pay; he would soon make a stand against the encroachments of despotism; but those who watched his patriotic tactics had to take account of the despotic forces against which he had to contend. The Star-chamber was dispensing fine and imprisonment; and while this was in alliance with a corrupt judicial Bench, some of the more discerning friends of the King who realised that ear-cropping, nose-slitting, even when ruinous fines were added, could not effect all that was desired, only wanted a standing army to make the King's resources complete. Those who sat at the royal council-table, truly, as Jesse shows, made up 'a remarkable party'; for as it is added: 'There was not one of that assembly whose death was not violent. Charles, Hamilton, Strafford, Laud, and Holland, died on the scaffold; Buckingham fell by the hand

of an assassin; and Falkland, under circumstance almost as melancholy, perished on the battlefield.'

This council, little dreaming of the tragic end which awaited them, entered the lists against the Puritan Parliament and the main bulk of the people. Next to the King the two chief actors are Wentworth and Laud, the one as Lord Deputy of Ireland, the other after the death of Abbot in 1633 as Archbishop of Canterbury, having apparently entered into alliance or partnership for establishing their system of 'Thorough and Thorough' both in politics and religion, which some still seem to think may possibly not have meant quite as much to them as it did in the imaginations of excited onlookers. No two leaders have ever had their aims and characters so oppositely represented, and both have defenders in Church and State even in the present day. 'For the charge of apostasy in its ordinary meaning there is no foundation,' remarks Prof. Rawson Gardiner. It is hardly credible that either Wentworth or his old Parliamentary associates would have thought so. After he was created a Baron, in 1628, Wentworth said to Pym, 'You see I have left you.' 'So I perceive,' replied the patriot; 'but we shall never leave *you* so long as you have a head on your

shoulders.' Pym considered that he was speaking to a renegade.

Men who talked like this had evidently broken away one from the other, and each understood this to be the case. According to Professor Gardiner, however, Wentworth was with the patriots in opposing arbitrary taxation; and even when he came in conflict with Eliot, he was not opposed to the Petition of Right, but was anxious to have the King unchecked in special emergencies. When the breach between King and Parliament occurred in 1629, Wentworth is said to have instinctively sided with the King against the Puritan House of Commons. 'Yet even when he was most resolute in crushing resistance, he held that he, and not his antagonists, were maintaining the old constitution which they had attempted to alter by claiming supremacy for Parliament.'

It would not have been a very desirable kind of 'old constitution' in which Parliament had not been supreme; and, notwithstanding all the ingenious casuistry to the contrary, which very closely resembles special pleading, we sincerely believe Wentworth to have been a self-seeking renegade and traitor, although, with Hampden, we may disapprove of the Act of Attainder which condemned him to death.

It would have been preferable to have allowed his trial to have proceeded fairly, and to have abided by the result. The character of Wentworth was well understood by the leaders of both parties during those memorable eleven years during which Charles attempted his absolute rule; and what the man was to them he still appears to be to us. It may be pleaded that he proved himself to be on the popular side by supporting the Petition of Right; but it is evident that in so doing, he aimed at serving his own ends and not the cause of the oppressed. Wentworth had been thwarted; a great place which he desired to have had not been given to him, and thus, for the time being, this ablest man among those who were open to accept the King's bribes, assumed the guise of a patriot, so that courtiers who might covet his services might see his power. That the man was an anomaly, a contradiction to his contemporaries, is shown by the fact that Eliot was able to quote the earlier speeches of Wentworth against those of later days. In his blind zeal in exalting the royal prerogative, his natural bravery and contempt of popular opinion seem at times to have advanced into actual foolhardiness, while his unbending sternness carried him forward to commit acts of injustice, or even of actual

cruelty, such as would tarnish any man's good name.

As regards Wentworth's general character Dr. Lingard says, in Vol. VII. of his *History of England:* 'He was of a temper zealous, haughty, and impatient of contradiction. The slightest resistance to his will, the semblance of contempt of his authority, was sufficient to kindle his resentment; and from that moment the unfortunate offender was marked out for ruin.' The same authority also shows how Wentworth upheld 'the old constitution' in Ireland during the time that he was deputy in that country: 'If we consider him merely as a servant, with no other duty to perform than to seek the immediate profit of his master, he was certainly deserving of the praise and gratitude of the King; but he had broken the royal word to the natives, had harassed them by fines, compositions, and plantations, and had incurred the hatred of all ranks of people, whatever was their origin or whatever their religion.'

Macaulay fully agreed with this view of Wentworth's character, and shows that he was also morally bad. 'His counsels respecting public affairs were fierce and arbitrary,' it is added. 'His correspondence with Laud abundantly proves that government without

parliaments, government by the sword was his favourite scheme. He was angry even that the course of justice between man and man should be unrestrained by the royal prerogative. He grudged the Court of King's Bench and Common Pleas even that measure of liberty which the most absolute of the Bourbons allowed to the Parliaments of France.' He not only left his old associates, he 'hated them ever after with the deadly hatred of a renegade.' While these things can be clearly demonstrated, one must have more than ordinary credulity to accept Professor S. R. Gardiner's dictum in the *Encyclopædia Britannica:* 'For the charge of apostasy in the ordinary meaning there is no foundation.'

What Wentworth was politically, Laud, as archbishop, was ecclesiastically. He has been characterised as 'a lower kind of St. Dominic'; but although his apologists cannot claim that he was a wise man, his stronger points may have been underrated in consequence of his having been brought into such close association with the more brilliant Wentworth. Laud appears to have been both learned and industrious; but while his morals were above suspicion, his religious fervour brought him to the conclusion that

it would be for the good of the people if the three kingdoms were brought to one uniform belief and practice from which there might be no departure under severe pains and penalties. The Archbishop seems to have been of a hasty temper, to have had the courage of his opinions when he had once formed them, and to have been vindictively cruel in the treatment of those who opposed him when they were in his power. To the Puritans, whose opinions and aspirations found expression in the Parliament, Laud was the champion of popery, or at least his aim was to impose on the entire population of these Islands an Arminian Episcopacy so strongly tinctured with Romanism as to closely correspond with 'the Catholic Church' itself. Some may even have thought that his aims were actually Jesuitical; but Dr. Lingard is of opinion that the Archbishop had no such leanings 'as long as he was in authority.' He was actually what we should now call an extreme High Churchman or Ritualist; but he had no notion of ever allowing any pope to supersede his own authority—at least among the English-speaking race. In point of fact Laud was a grand Anglican Inquisitor who would have been content with nothing less than being his own pope. If he had a

mean mind, he was certainly steeped to the eyes in superstition. A main part of his time must certainly have been passed in giving attention to his subordinates who may have seemed to have been ubiquitous to those who desired to escape their interference. In no small degree the work of the Reformers was undone in the Church of England. In large measure it was possible for innovations in England to be carried out; no mercy was shown to Nonconformists; private families, who harboured chaplains of their own, risked severe penalties; even the Protestant French and Dutch Churches, numbers of which had sought refuge in the country, were threatened; and had his arm been long enough, the Archbishop would have extended what he supposed to be his wholesome discipline to the Pilgrim Fathers of New England. What such a man ever effected on behalf of the spread of the Gospel we have never learned; but he breathed a genial air in the Star-Chamber; he was in his element when pronouncing sanguinary judgments on religious offenders who were there arraigned. Laud's portrait seems to bespeak his character; for as Macaulay says: 'The mean forehead, the pinched features, the piercing eyes of the prelate, suit admirably with his disposition.' We would have spared

the life of so aged a man who was so altogether incapable of reading the signs of the times. If he could have been allowed to escape to Rome, as he seems to have desired, there to accept the Pope's pension, on condition of his entering the Papal Church, Christian Charity, if not Justice, might have been satisfied. We may regret his fate, the more especially because it has helped to make a martyr of a man whose gifts, graces, or work were not of a kind to raise him in the respect either of his contemporaries or of posterity. His aim was to aggrandise the Episcopal Church, and to extend his own authority by any means or at any cost. The very revival of James the First's Book of Sports was intended to serve the Church; for the Sunday pastimes were strictly forbidden to all who had not attended the Episcopal service. On the one hand, the people were to be brought under one ecclesiastical yoke; on the other hand, the royal prerogative was to be exalted until nothing was left of what we now understand as popular liberty. Of all the King's servants no two were so exactly agreed or so closely allied as Laud and Strafford. *Thorough* and *Thorough* was their policy, and, mistaking the force of the popular opposition, they may be said to have pursued it unto the very death.

Before we notice any of those who took prominent places on one side or the other of the civil wars, some reference may be made to those who suffered pains and penalties as the victims of Laud and Strafford in the Star-Chamber or elsewhere. Some of these may have been eccentric men, some would call them enthusiasts; but if so, they were enthusiastic in the cause of liberty of speech and of conscience, while those who oppressed them were enthusiasts in the cause of tyranny.

First, take the case of William Prynne, whose *Histrio-Mastix; or a Scourge for Stage-Players*, is the best-remembered of the nearly two hundred volumes which he wrote, and which, as being still more singular, his contemporaries found time to read. I have looked through the thousand pages of the *Histrio-Mastix;* but while it may honestly be conceded that it is not light reading, that does not excuse those who, without knowing anything of its contents, have made the book a butt for ridicule. There is much of what we should now call heavy reading; but embedded in this setting are many gems of speech worthy of the great Puritan age. Is there not, for example, some justice in the sentiments, and some force in the expression of such a sample passage as this: 'Though

the devil may sometimes commend some seeming good unto us, yet there is always poison in his best and sweetest potions: there is a soul-entangling snare in all his intentions, a dangerous and inevitable hook in all his baits. All his works, contrivances, and delights, whatever glittering outside, or honey-tastes they seem to have, are but so many traps and poisons to captivate and endanger souls.'

Being of a good family and well educated, Prynne was a decided Puritan whom a modern historian has accused of showing 'a want of sympathy with human nature in its manifold variety.' That may simply mean that he knew of what party he was of, and stood to his colours. He was a Presbyterian; he had no enlarged views of toleration; and he at first awakened the hatred of Laud by attacking Arminianism. When Prynne was cited to appear before the magnates of the Star-Chamber and was sentenced to fine, imprisonment, and the cropping of his ears in the pillory, the Archbishop had his way; but he afterwards paid dear for his temporary victory, as Prynne became the virulent prosecutor of Laud after the assembling of the Long Parliament, when he was liberated and had reparation made to him. Prynne seems

to have lacked both judgment and Christian charity; for after siding with the Parliament against the King, he became a bitter enemy of Cromwell, and even refused to pay taxes which were not imposed by both Houses, somewhat after the manner of Hampden in the matter of Ship Money more than twenty years previously. He may be taken as a representative of Puritanism, but of its harder rather than of its best side. He became a hero of the Puritan populace after the turning of the tide against the King, on account of his severe and illegal sufferings.

In the case of Dr. Bastwick, a physician, of Colchester, who wrote a reply to a book on the Pope's supremacy, Laud and his party scented heresy afar off. The Essex physician seems to have simply held the ordinary doctrines of the Established Church in regard to the royal supremacy, and that bishops receive their powers from the King. A thorough-going Romanist might dedicate his work to the Archbishop; but it was otherwise with one who recognised the limits of the English constitution. As Dr. Thomas Price remarks: 'His work was ordered to be burnt, as though it were an inexpiable offence to maintain the doctrine on which the English Church was based, and by which alone its past pro-

ceedings could be defended.' In the ruinous fines imposed, in being excommunicated and and debarred from following his profession, and having his ears cut off in the pillory, Bastwick's fate very closely resembled that of Prynne. He was rescued from the lifelong imprisonment to which he had been sentenced by the Long Parliament, and his case is typical of the tyranny from which that assembly released the nation.

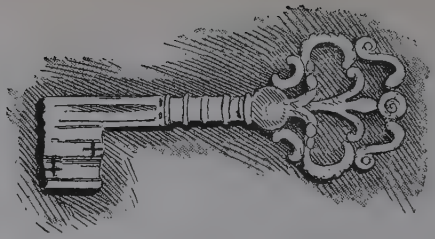
The case of Dr. Alexander Leighton was, if possible, still more infamous; for he had well acquitted himself in a London Lectureship, and his only offence was the writing two very harmless books entitled *Zion's Plea*, and *The Looking-Glass of the Holy War*. His sentence was very similar to that pronounced on other offenders, and as an historian of those times says, it is 'only to be paralleled in the annals of the Inquisition.' Dr. Leighton was rigorously imprisoned during the greater part of the period during which the King was making the experiment of absolute rule; and when rescued at last by the Long Parliament in 1640, the effect of his confinement in mind and body was such that he died insane three or four years afterwards. The case of Leighton no doubt outraged public sentiment, and so prepared

the way for civil war. He was one of the severest sufferers under the Star-Chamber, after Sir John Eliot, and the account of his treatment by his contemporary Ludlow is a vivid commentary on Laud and Strafford's policy of 'Thorough and Thorough,' *e.g.*:—

'His ears were cut, his nose slit, his face branded with burning irons; he was tied to a post, and whipped with a treble cord, to that cruel degree, that he himself, writing the history thereof ten years after, affirmed, that every lash brought away the flesh, and that he should feel it to his dying day. He was lastly put in the pillory, and kept there near two hours in frost and snow; and then, after this most barbarous usage, not permitted to return to his quarters in the Fleet in a coach provided to carry him, but compelled, in that sad condition and severe weather, to go by water. After this he was kept ten weeks in dirt and mire, not being sheltered from rain and snow. They shut him up most closely twenty-two months; and he remained a prisoner ten or eleven years, not suffered to breathe in the open air, until the Parliament of 1640 most happily delivered him.'

While Laud thus had his victims in the ecclesiastical world, Strafford had his in the

political. The two apostles of 'Thorough and Thorough,' who had set themselves to show that the King was independent of Parliament and the people, while bishops were independent of the King, had entered into their strange partnership for a common purpose. It is unnecessary to pursue the story of their policy further. That policy having a basis of absolute despotism failed, because those who were its champions did not properly realise that what might have been effected in the days of the Tudors was not necessarily possible in the seventeenth century.



KEY CARRIED BY OLIVER CROMWELL.

CHAPTER II

OLIVER CROMWELL'S EARLIER LIFE

IT has been repeatedly said that Oliver Cromwell was born in the last year of the sixteenth century; but as the date of his birth was April 25, 1599, he lived through a year and eight months of the century of the Reformation; and at his death on September 3, 1658, he had lived through somewhat over four months of his sixtieth year.

The house at Huntingdon, which occupies the site of the one wherein Oliver was born, has been too often rebuilt to be of any great local interest beyond the fact that it really occupies the same site. In regard to the town, that best work of its kind, *Cassell's Gazetteer*, tells us, 'Brewing is a leading industry as it

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH WHERE THE REGISTER OF CROMWELL'S BIRTH IS KEPT.

[*Facing p.* 26.

was in the days of the Cromwells, whose brewery is still carried on;' but in point of fact, there is not any probability that the family ever had any connection with such an industry. The house in which the future Protector was born seems to have been previously occupied by a brewer, and on that fact the vague tradition of the family having been engaged in the business has been based. As Carlyle says: 'The splenetic credulity and incredulity, the calumnious opacity, the exaggerated ill-nature, and general flunkyism and stupidity of mankind, are ever to be largely allowed for in such circumstances.' The Cromwells were really a first-class county family, the headquarters being at Hinchinbrook, where Sir Oliver, son and heir of 'the Golden Knight,' feasted James I. in more sumptuous style than had been characteristic of any other house between Edinburgh and London. The worthy Golden Knight had greatly improved the house; but his successor, Sir Oliver, and uncle of our Oliver, sold the estate to the Montagu family in the year 1627. The house retains much of its old-time character; the visitor sees the nunnery which the Golden Knight, by means of rebuilding, alterations, &c., transformed into a stately dwelling. In the parish register of the church of All Saints may also be seen the

suggestive 'Royalist' insertion against the record of Oliver's birth and baptism—'England's plague for five years.' Some prescient reader has crossed that out, thus, as we may hope, anticipating the verdict of posterity. Being situated as it is on the Great North Road, sixty miles from London, Huntingdon naturally came in for a prominent share in the civil wars, now being held by the King's forces, and then occupied by the army of the Parliament. There is an old-time air about the place which is somewhat relieved on market-days by the incoming of farmers and country people, who for the most part come in by road much after the manner of their ancestors two or three centuries ago. As visitors walk along the long main street, they naturally think of the mediæval chronicler Henry of Huntingdon; of Cowper the poet of Nature, who, after recovery from madness, spent here some of the very sunniest days of a chequered life; but especially of the Cromwells, and of that Oliver who as a ruler and a foe of tyranny was the nearest counterpart of Alfred the Great known in England for a thousand years.

Cromwell's portrait has been engraved more often than that of any other historical character, this being proved by the unique collection of engraved pictures gathered from all the nations

of Europe by the late Mr. John de Kewer Williams. Then few great men have had the facts of their lives so industriously sought out; but after all the patient research very little is really known of the Protector's early life. What we do know shows Oliver to have lived just as we should expect the son of a county gentleman would do. Even the stories and traditions of his boyhood do not count for much either one way or the other. The lads with whom he would associate were not of the orchard-stealing class; although if their supplies of apples ran short their fallen humanity in youth might not be proof against the temptation to steal. The child Oliver may even have had an adventure with a monkey; nor need we even object to the 'gigantic figure which came and opened the curtains of his bed, and told him that he should be the greatest person in the kingdom,' but of course without promising that he should be a king. At the same time, we have to bear in mind that the chief authority for any account we have of Oliver's youthful failings is the hearsay gossip of Carlyle's *Carrion Heath.* After the Restoration, so far as his utterances on Cromwell are concerned, Heath was Liar in Ordinary to his Majesty Charles II.

All that we know of Oliver's youth tends to

disprove the charges which interested Royalist writers have brought against his moral character or his merit as a Cambridge student. His tutor at the University was Richard Howlet, a scholar of Puritan tendencies who would hardly have suffered any of the idle roystering ways which Heath, and those who have followed him, have attributed to Cromwell. The truth undoubtedly is, that his stay at the University was limited to fourteen months by the turn which family affairs had taken. His elder brother Henry having died, he was now the only son of the family, while there were half a dozen daughters. At Midsummer, 1617, his father also passed away, so that Oliver, in a sense, became the mainstay of the family. He is said to have studied law in London, but that tradition rests on a very uncertain foundation. Is it likely that, after leaving the University because he was urgently needed at home, a young man of Oliver's mettle would go off to London in order to gain a polite knowledge of law when he did not intend to practise? It is true that he married a Londoner in the person of Elizabeth Bouchier, whose father's town house was on Tower Hill; but then the Bourchier family appear to have been related to that of Hampden, so that such a match was natural enough in the ordinary course of

things. As others may have seen, the alliance of Oliver with a woman of this standing at the age of twenty-one, was in itself no inconsiderable testimony to correctness of character.

The public events of the first twenty years of Oliver Cromwell's married life are better known to us than the more private affairs of the family. Though the times were pretty prosperous so far as temporal things were concerned, one trial quickly followed another in the political and ecclesiastical world, and there were portents daily of worse things to come. The King, who was mad on setting up his prerogative in place of law, could not read the signs of the times; while Laud and Strafford were daily carrying out their programme which would supply excuses for beginning civil war. Apparently, no men were ever more persistently bent on their own destruction while planning and scheming for the extinction of liberty. Excess in one direction seemed only to give stimulus for similar enterprise in another. There was that sighing among the trees, as well as undercurrent moanings of discontent which told of some popular outbreak; but Laud and Strafford's prescription of 'Thorough and Thorough' was an antidote to fear, while it braced the nerves for continuous action in the path marked out.

While the country was in this condition, and was fast hastening on to the dread catastrophe of civil war, Oliver Cromwell, the gentleman commoner of Huntingdon and the farmer of St. Ives, was already a statesman who was well capable of discerning the signs of the times, while he was thoroughly interested in them. When he decided to remove with his wife and children from Huntingdon to St. Ives it may have been because the two families were becoming too many to live any longer beneath one roof; or farming, being an occupation which suited his simple taste, may have proved the readiest means of procuring the increased supplies which were now needed. The lands thereabout were then more marshy than they are to-day, being on the edge of the vast Fen tract, the draining of which was already thought about as one of the great enterprises of that age. The town of St. Ives itself is an old-time settlement which has some things remaining as Cromwell looked on them; and although it may be larger now than was the case then, a new house in such a place is a novelty, and the church no doubt, outwardly at least, presents much the same appearance as it did in the Puritan era.

When Cromwell took his wife and family from Huntingdon to settle in this still quaint

old town, the general outlook of the times was no doubt depressing to him in a double sense. He had represented Huntingdon in the King's third Parliament; but when that had been dissolved, Charles, on the one hand, had decided to do without Parliament altogether; while such was the gloom which pervaded the political world that the hearts of many Puritans and patriots seemed to sink within them. The times were indeed ominous; for although the royal favourite and chief mischief-maker, Buckingham, had been stricken down by the knife of Felton, the activity of such political apostates as Wentworth and several others was not reassuring to a patriotic mind. Was the Petition of Right after all to become a dead letter?

While Cromwell was healthfully employed in looking after his grazing-farm at St. Ives many disquieting rumours or distressing reports of what was actually occurring would come to hand, until, by the crowning act of folly of trying to impose Episcopacy on Scotland by force of arms, the King went too far to make reparation possible and so completed his ruin.

If, as some seem to think, Cromwell was disposed to hypochondriasis, he could still look on the bright side of things, or he could draw

comfort from such institutions as still survived to promote the public good. Before leaving Huntingdon, death had removed that choice friend of the Cromwell family and Oliver's first schoolmaster, Dr. Beard, who for years had lived in Huntingdon as a light in a dark place. This Puritan tutor was not only a worthy scholar; he held a Lectureship in the town, and thus, besides looking after his boys, he gave forth the Gospel with no uncertain sound. According to the notion of those days, he was a painful preacher of the Word, who brought forth from the treasure-house of Scripture things new and old for the refreshment of the souls of his hearers. A Lectureship would be founded by some rich person, or by a number of subscribers, the lecture itself being given at a time when the building was not wanted for the ordinary service. When Dr. Beard died, a successor would need to be appointed, and the payment would still need to be kept up. 'You know, Mr. Storie, to withdraw the pay is to let fall the Lecture: for who goeth to warfare at his own cost?' says Cromwell in Letter I. as given by Carlyle, that letter giving an insight into Oliver's private life at St. Ives, while it indicates in what sense Lectureships were a flourishing institution of those days.

As a 'very loving friend' of Master Cromwell, grazier, of St. Ives, Mr. Storie lived and did business 'at the sign of the Dog' in that Royal Exchange, which Queen Elizabeth had opened, and which was destined to meet its fate in the Great Fire before it attained to the dignity of being a very old building. Mr. Storie, it seems, was chiefly responsible for finding the money for paying a lecturer whom Cromwell valued, and it has been thought as a successor to Dr. Beard. In the note referred to (January 11, 1635) the future Protector writes to his Royal Exchange friend in this confidential way:—

'Amongst the catalogue of those good works which your fellow-citizens and our countrymen have done, this will not be reckoned for the least, that they have provided for the feeding of souls. Building of hospitals provides for men's bodies; to build material temples is judged a work of piety; but they that provide spiritual food, they that build up spiritual temples, they are the men truly charitable, truly pious. Such a work as this was your erecting the Lecture in our Country; in the which you placed Dr. Wells, a man of goodness and industry, and ability to do good every way; not short of any I know in England: and I am persuaded that, sithence

his coming, the Lord hath by him wrought much good among us.'

It is one of the enigmas of Cromwell's private life who the Dr. Wells referred to was, or where he lectured. As Laud had very effectively stopped the preaching of the Gospel at Huntingdon, he did not lecture there. It proves, however, that the Puritans succeeded in maintaining preaching, such as they approved in spite of the Archbishop and his agents.

The removal to Ely in 1636, to succeed Sir Thomas Steward as tithe-farmer to the Dean and Chapter, marks one more stage in Oliver's life before his entrance on the more stormy scene of political action and civil war. A letter written from thence was regarded by Mark Noble—Carlyle's 'Reverend imbecile friend'—as plain proof that its writer had been a loose liver; but it proves nothing of the kind, the terms used being merely the conventional religious phraseology of the day, similar expressions being used by Bunyan, who never supposed that they would be understood in the too literal sense after the manner of some of his biographers.

At Ely Oliver and his wife had more ample resources than they had ever possessed before; and the family commanded the high respect of all classes. It was then, too, that the crisis

of the nation was coming to a head, while the harbingers of civil war became more and more alarming. The Judges decided against John Hampden in the matter of Ship Money. Prynne had his ears cut off, after they had been sewed on, a second time, while others were tortured in a similar way at Westminster. Laud's tulchan-bishops were rejected in Scotland by Jenny Geddes and others who sympathised with her. The outlook was dark; the horizon all round was forbidding; but if the darkest hour of night is before the dawn of day the time of relief might be nearer than it seemed.

We have to realise that the national troubles tinged with sorrow the otherwise happy home life of the Cromwells. A far heavier trial than anything connected with the national distractions fell to the lot of Oliver and his wife in the untimely death of Robert their eldest son, who died of small-pox while at school at Felsted, in May, 1639. When Cromwell himself was on his deathbed hardly twenty years later, the great Protector declared that that loss went like a dagger to his heart, while he also confessed that the text, 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me,' had saved his life.

The almost sudden passing away of this

eldest son, who, had he lived, might possibly have succeeded his father in the Protectorate, was a remarkable circumstance in the family history. The advantages of Felsted school appear to have been much valued; and there were friends or relatives living about there—the Bouchiers and the Mashams—who increased the attractiveness of the place. The rector was named Wharton, and as he probably favoured the Puritan teaching he may have escaped the vigilance of the agents of Laud. When young Robert Cromwell died, the rector made a Latin entry in the Register which is thus translated: 'Robert Cromwell, son of that honourable man, Oliver Cromwell, Esq., and of Elizabeth his wife, was buried on the 31st day of May. And Robert was a remarkably pious youth, fearing God above many.'

The late Mr. John Forster was the first to call public attention to the entry in the Felsted Register, and writing in the *Edinburgh Review* over forty years ago, he justly pointed out that it was of a most unusual kind, *e.g.*:—

'The friend who examined the original for us could find no other instance in the volume of a deviation from the strict rule. Among all the fathers, sons, and brothers, crowded into its records of birth and death, the only

vir honorandus is the Puritan Squire of Huntingdon. The name of the vicar of Felsted in 1639 was Wharton. This entry is in his handwriting and has his signature appended to it; and let it henceforth be remembered as his distinction, that long before Cromwell's name was famous beyond his native county, he had appeared to this incumbent of a small Essex parish as a man to be honoured. The tribute to the youth who passed so early away, uncouthly expressed as it is, takes a deep and mournful significance from the words which lingered last on the dying lips of his heroic father. If Heaven had but spared all that gentle and noble promise which represented once the eldest son and successor of Cromwell's name, the spectre then falling might have found a hand to grasp and sustain it, and the history of England taken quite another course. The sad and sorry substitute —is it not written in Monsieur Guizot's narrative of the Protectorate of Richard Cromwell?'

While the sad business of the death and burial of Robert Cromwell was taking place, the Bishops' War, as it was called, was coming to a head. In due time the King and his Archbishop discovered that their soldiers were in hot sympathy with the other side. Thus, when

the Long Parliament met it was enabled to do what it did because it had Scotland for an ally, and the Scottish army at its back.

It was at Ely that Cromwell came to be called the Lord of the Fens. The proper drainage of hundreds of thousands of acres was a matter of vast importance; and Cromwell headed a patriotic party who thwarted the King in his effort to make the work contribute to his own aggrandisement, and so to aid in his governing without a Parliament.

ST. IVES AND THE RIVER OUSE, AND THE MEDIÆVAL CHAPEL ON THE BRIDGE.

[*Facing p.* 41.

CHAPTER III

PURITANISM—TYPICAL CHARACTERS

BECAUSE the Reformation in England was a sort of compromise with the Romish Church the rise of such a party as that of the Puritans in the Anglican Communion was inevitable. The reaction against Rome would appear to have been even greater in Britain than it was in Germany, and the authorities would certainly have strengthened the cause of their religious Establishment by yielding to its claims, instead of resisting demands which were opposed to a policy which sought to please both sides. Hooper the martyr bishop of Gloucester, who was burned in 1555, has been regarded as the pioneer of Puritanism, on account of his objection to ecclesiastical vestments. Had this godly prelate lived to see the reign of Elizabeth, however, he would have been found to be no more advanced than others of the Queen's prelates; for Bishop Jewel charac-

terised the ceremonies and vestments, which many cherished as something worth keeping, as mere 'scenic apparatus.' Thomas Cartwright did something to develop the Puritan idea; and he seems to have been a Presbyterian who saw that Scripture allowed of only one Church order, and from that standard he would not have allowed any one to make any departure. Robert Browne, on the other hand, clearly saw in Scripture what we now call the Congregational way, and gathered a small company at Norwich as early as 1581. The Bishop of Norwich had his eye on 'the said party,' however; for his 'arrogant spirit of reproof was something to be wondered at,' while he attracted people 'an hundred at a time in private houses and conventicles to hear him, not without danger of some evil intent.' In short, the early Puritans were emphatically Reformers within the pale of the Established Church, whose message was, Come out and be ye separate—no man can serve two masters. The parish assembly, which included all sorts and conditions of people, and which had come to be recognised as the Church of England, was of too mixed a kind to answer to the pattern of Scripture.

It would be a long story to tell all about the rise and progress of Puritanism, but some

indication may be given of its various stages. It took its rise in the Church of England, extending even to the bishops. It had its martyrs in the days of Mary, and its representatives in the succeeding reign of Elizabeth. In the latter part of the century there were bishops of another mind, however; and then was it that the sixteenth-century Junius arose under the name of Martin Marprelate. While admitting the vigour and ability of Martin's tracts, Dr. Halley says they are 'coarse, personal and abusive'; but Mr. H. M. Dexter found nothing in them of which Churchman or Dissenter need be ashamed, or for which apology need be made. 'Who was Martin Marprelate?' asks Dexter. 'His secret was well kept, his name never revealed; a fact the more strange when, not merely as in the case of Junius, an eager literary curiosity has been stimulated to lift the veil, but the whole detective force of a kingdom was set in motion at the time to seize the man whom all could hear snapping his fingers in their faces in the dark, but on whom they could never lay their hands in the light. Great folio pages of contemporary depositions lie open still to the curious enquirer, to indicate how diligent were the efforts of the law officers of the Crown to find Martin—and how vain.'

We have to regard this as having followed the work of Robert Browne, and, as might be expected, he has been misrepresented and libelled by opponents. Then followed the era of Elizabethan confessors, Henry Barrowe being one leader and martyr; and Dexter shows in what shades *Barrowism* differed from Brownism or Genevan Puritanism. There were separatist gatherings in London early enough for prayers to have been offered in them for deliverance from the Spanish Armada. Numbers died in prison; but several years before the death of Elizabeth a congregation, which would have grown in London, was established at Amsterdam. Later, the Puritans became more numerous under John Robinson of Leyden, the pastor of the Pilgrim Fathers who sailed for New England, and whither Robinson intended to follow them had his life been prolonged. He was a champion of the Calvinistic cause; and as the Synod of Dort, just prior to the departure of the Pilgrim Fathers, had decided against the Arminian doctrines, Calvinism came to be identified with the Puritan cause.

Had he really been such an adept in the kingcraft of which he boasted, James I. would have had the discernment to have given a more respectful hearing to the Millenary Petition,

presented to him at Hampton Court, on behalf of about a thousand ministers at the time of his accession. Encouraged by his Church dignitaries, who were now identified with Arminian or High Church doctrine, James discarded a plea, the acceptance of which would have added stability to his throne and peace to his reign. Laud thought that he could put down Puritanism, but he had no true idea of its strength. 'It is too hot to last,' said Burton, after losing his ears in Palace Yard in June, 1637; and the prophecy turned out to be a true one. Before long the Arminian Archbishop was finally checkmated by the assembling of the Long Parliament, which made reparation for the illegal sentences of the Star-Chamber; while it took the Arminian bull by the horns by convening its own Synod—the Westminster Assembly of Divines—after the manner of the States-General of the Netherlands in the matter of the Synod of Dort.

Thus there were two parties in the State whose differences were religious as well as political: the one so short-sighted and behind the times as to suppose it was possible to impose an absolute rule, with many obsolete relics of the Dark Ages, on the England of the seventeenth century; the other not only abreast of the times in its aspirations for

freedom and progress, but even anticipating, in some degree, the reforms and achievements of our own time. In return for being nicknamed *Puritans*, the patriotic party whose adherents were particularly numerous in and about London, called their opponents *Malignants*. There were extreme members in each camp, but some examples may be given of those who represented the best side of their party. Take the family of Apsley, of which Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson was a daughter, and that of Colonel Hutchinson her husband.

Sir Allen Apsley was Lieutenant of the Tower during the latter part of the reign of James—a rare kind of governor whose sterling merits shone out all the more in contrast to the ignoble traits in the character of the King. Mrs. Hutchinson thus graphically depicts her mother as mistress of the Tower:—

'Sir Walter Raleigh and Mr. Ruthin being prisoners in the Tower, and addicting themselves to chemistry, she suffered them to make their rare experiments at her cost, partly to comfort and divert the poor prisoners, and partly to gain the knowledge of their experiments, and the medicines to help such poor people as were not able to seek physicians. By these means she acquired a great deal of skill which was very profitable to many all her

life. She was not only to these, but to all the other prisoners that came into the Tower, as a mother. All the time she dwelt in the Tower, if any were sick she made them broths and restoratives with her own hands, visited and took care of them, and provided them all necessaries; if any were afflicted she comforted them, so that they felt not the inconvenience of a prison, who were in that place. She was not less bountiful to many poor widows and orphans, whom officers of higher or lower rank had left behind them as objects of charity. Her own house was filled with distressed families of her relations, whom she supplied and maintained in a noble way. The worship and service of God, both in her soul and in her house, and the education of her children, were her principal care. She was a constant frequenter of week-day lectures, and a great lover and encourager of good ministers, and most diligent in her private reading and devotions.'

Lucy, the daughter of this matron, who became Mrs. Hutchinson, was as thoroughly grounded in her education as could possibly be the case in the present day. By when she was eight years old she had 'eight tutors in several qualities.' She was so set upon learning that ardour had to be moderated rather

than stimulated; but nevertheless, even during the playhour after dinner or supper, she would 'steal into some hole or corner to read.' For 'lute or harpsichords' she seems to have had little taste; she hated needlework; but though her classical tutor was 'a pitiful dull fellow,' she got ahead of her brothers in Latin. In youth Lucy thus became what we might now call 'old-fashioned.' When visitors came she 'tired them with more grave instructions than their mothers.' The teaching of her mother, and the sermons of grave divines had their effect. She gave becoming advice to maids in the kitchen, became their confidante in their love affairs, there being 'none of them but had many lovers.'

The description which Lucy gives of her husband, Colonel Hutchinson, shows him to have been as far removed as possible from mere enthusiasm or those fanatical tendencies which the drunken and licentious generation of the Restoration associated with the Puritans.

He was as thoroughly well educated as his wife. He was natural in his dress and manners; and thus while he was 'nimble and active and graceful in all his motions,' he avoided all extravagances or eccentricities, and showed good taste in art and literature.

He was as stout an advocate for liberty of conscience as one might expect to meet in our own day; and while he thus denounced all religious persecution he was so far a pattern country gentleman that 'he took much pleasure in improvement of grounds, in planting groves, and walks, and fruit trees, in opening springs and making fishponds.' He was honest in all dealings, and was in all respects an exemplar in point of temperance.

When we come to the love affairs of such young persons as these, and whose families were as pillars of the Puritan cause, we find that their actions and aspirations were such as proved human nature to have the same attributes in all times. Thus, in early youth, Hutchinson crosses the path of 'a young maid, beautiful, and esteemed to be very rich,' who being of an ingenuous disposition, made it evident that she 'conceived a kindness for him'; but this was 'civilly resented,' on account of low birth and mean education. Then there comes on the scene another 'admirable tempting beauty,' such 'as would have thawed a rock of ice'; but 'it was not yet his time of love.' The season of captivation was not far off, however; and the little things which finally led to the young Puritan's settlement in life were more

romantic than any mere story-teller would have imagined.

While in London during that memorable eleven years, during which the King was ruling without a Parliament, certain things put 'him into thoughts of quitting the town,' and one almost persuaded him to visit France; but another, who had a house there, said, 'Go to Richmond,' and, as the King had his hawks at Hampton Court, the offer was accepted. Before starting, one necessary caution had to be given: 'the gentleman bid him take heed of the place, for it was so fatal for love, that never any young disengaged person went thither, who returned again free.' Evidence of the truth of this was given, but not being 'frighted at the example' Mr. Hutchinson went to Richmond, and at the house where he 'tabled' he met 'a great deal of good young company.' Maidens came to practise music; but despite 'all the attractive arts that young women and their parents use to procure them lovers,' the wary visitor 'could not be entangled in any of their fine snares.'

Meanwhile, among this company was one, Mistress Apsley, a mere child, who 'tabled for the practice of her lute,' and she was there until the return of her mother and elder sister from Wiltshire, the house of the Apsley family

being but a short distance away. Liking her music, Hutchinson 'would fall in discourse with her,' and accompany her occasionally to the house. There he saw certain books belonging to the elder sister, and after some talk he was 'sorry she was gone'; then he liked more and more 'to hear mention of her'; but at last he wondered at himself on account of his regard for a woman he had never seen. Then another seeming accident stimulated his passion. A piece was sung which had been produced by Mistress Apsley, and 'fancying something of rationality in the sonnet beyond the customary reach of a she-wit,' the Puritan swain felt that he could not rest until he had seen the composer. Difficulties remained to be overcome, for the maiden he wished to meet shunned 'the converse of men as the plague.' At length news came that the girl in question was about to return; but on hearing a false report that she was married, 'Mr. Hutchinson immediately turned pale as ashes,' and feeling as though he would sink under the table, 'he was fain to pretend that something had offended his stomach,' and seek the open air. On reasoning with himself on the folly of such weakness he could not but remember the story he had heard about Richmond, and hence he began to think that there might be 'some

magic in the place,' and that this 'enchanted men out of their right senses.' Still proper allowance had to be made; 'it booted him not to be angry at himself;' the thing to do seemed to be to go to bed and sleep off the excitement. When, with some effort, he rose on the following morning, it appeared to be due to nothing less than 'a miraculous power of Providence' that one who hitherto had been 'so rational in all his considerations,' should be thus affected. Where was the lad who had made this upset by bringing the report that Mistress Apsley was already married? It happily occurred to this desponding lover to put this messenger to 'a little stricter examination,' when the truth came out that no marriage had taken place at all!

At length the future Parliamentary hero of Nottingham Castle met Mistress Apsley, but as the latter tells us in her modest way, 'his heart being prepossessed with his own fancy, was not free to discern how little there was in her to answer so great an expectation;' but, on the other hand, Lucy confesses that 'she was surprised with some unusual liking in her soul' for the stranger. They met on the next day, but naturally 'by accident,' when Hutchinson found that the maiden 'was accostable and willing to entertain his acquaintance.' A

closer friendship was soon formed, the Puritan mother looking on with approval, being desirous that her daughter should marry, while Lucy herself, who had not liked any of her suitors hitherto, now thought that 'God had sent her a happy relief.' Her lover himself had no doubt whatever that 'a secret power had wrought a mutual inclination between them,' and was as happy as his surroundings in 'that sweet season of Spring' could make him.

But true love no more ran smooth in the seventeenth century than it does now; there were those who sought to end the happy and honourable courtship. Divers young men and women 'grew jealous and envious at it,' and gave forth such 'subtle insinuations,' the girls 'with witty spite,' as might have marred the whole thing if Mr. Hutchinson had not with 'a very sharp and pleasant wit retorted all their malace.' The girls were simply envious that Lucy 'had so engaged such a person in her protection, as they, with all their arts, could not catch.' Such passages in private history have often occurred before, and will no doubt often occur again.

What we, at the distance of two hundred and sixty years from those days before the civil wars have chiefly to regret is, that Lucy

Hutchinson did not relate her history more fully; for she is far within the truth when she intimates that if all 'the little amorous relations' had been told, we should have had a story 'of a more handsome management of love than the best romances describe.' In comparison with those greater transactions which came after, however, these were not thought to be worthy of mention. It so happened the young Puritan's love was severely tested, and in a painful manner, *e.g.* :—

'That day that the friends on both sides met to conclude the marriage, she fell sick of the smallpox, which was in many ways a great trial upon him. First, her life was almost in desperate hazard, and then the disease, for the present, made her the most deformed person that could be seen, for a great while after she recovered; yet he was nothing troubled at it, but married her as soon as she was able to quit the chamber, when the priest and all that saw her were affrighted to look on her. But God recompensed his justice and constancy by restoring her, though she was longer than ordinary before she recovered to be as well as before.'

The marriage took place at St. Andrews, Holborn, July 3, 1638. Two sons who survived their father were born on September 3rd

in the year following—an anniversary destined to become very famous in the annals of the Commonwealth. Two years later another son was born, 'a very hopeful child,' who gave promise of being his father over again; 'but death soon nipped that blossom.'

For the sake of its purer air, the Hutchinsons lived for a time at the Blue House, Enfield Chase, the design of the fond husband being to go on into the native country of his family in the vicinity of Nottingham; 'but he would not set upon it too roughly,' for the north was then 'a formidable name among the London ladies.' He would rest awhile amid the sylvan shades of the forest, his employment being 'the study of school divinity,' as became one whose family possessed one of the finest private libraries in the kingdom. For a companion during two years he had a good divinity scholar who was persuaded to give up 'the Arminian judgment,' and embrace those Calvinistic principles which were then generally embraced by the best people although they were unfashionable with the bishops. While finding great delight in such studies he 'presently left off all foolish nice points that led to nothing but vain brangling,' and gave attention chiefly to God's absolute decrees. It was a blessed profitable time of quietness; but before

it was over 'the thunder was heard afar off, rattling in the troubled air'—the storm of the civil wars was gathering.

At a certain time when the family was increasing, and when it seemed to be necessary 'to seek an augmentation of revenue, or retire into a cheaper country,' Hutchinson experienced what he afterwards thought to be a providential escape from having to do with an undesirable transaction. In order to increase his income a friend persuaded him to buy an office that was vacant in the Star-Chamber; 'but the gentleman that should have sold it being of an uncertain humour,' the thing fell through; and after that, whether riches or poverty might be his lot, the young Puritan 'resolved to adventure no more such hazards.'

Thus we have an insight into the every-day life of a Puritan home. What were the Puritans in public life, and how were they regarded by the ruling powers? To this question Mrs. Hutchinson, as an eye-witness of what was passing, gives a far more effective answer than any one living between two and three centuries later could possibly do, *e.g.* :—

'The payment of civil obedience to the King and the laws of the land satisfied not; if any durst dispute his impositions in the worship of God, he was presently reckoned

among the seditious and disturbers of the public peace, and accordingly persecuted; if any were grieved at the dishonour of the kingdom, or the griping of the poor, or the unjust oppression of the subject, by a thousand ways, invented to maintain the riots of the courtiers, and the swarms of needy Scots the King had brought in to devour like locusts the plenty of this land, he was a Puritan; if any, out of mere morality and civil honesty, discountenanced the abominations of those days, he was a Puritan, however he conformed to their superstitious worship; if any showed favour to any godly, honest persons, kept them company, relieved them in want, or protected them against violent or unjust oppression, he was a Puritan; if any gentleman in his country maintained the good laws of the land, or stood up for any public interest, for good order or government, he was a Puritan: in short, all that crossed the views of the needy courtiers, the proud, encroaching priests, the thievish projectors, the lewd nobility and gentry—whoever was zealous for God's glory or worship, could not endure blasphemous oaths, ribald conversation, profane scoffs, Sabbath-breaking, derision of the Word of God, and the like—whoever could endure a sermon, modest habit or conversation, or anything good, all these

were Puritans; and if Puritans, then enemies to the King and his Government, seditious, factious hypocrites, ambitious disturbers of the public peace, and finally, the pest of the kingdom.'

This will probably suffice to give the reader an insight into the private and public life of the Puritans. There were doubtless some who showed a tendency to fanaticism, in regard both to dress and manners, but the Hutchinsons were as far removed from these as the most sober-living people in the present day.

HINCHINGBROOK HOUSE.
Ancestral Home of the Cromwell Family.

[*Facing p.* 59.

CHAPTER IV

THE WAR OPENS. HAMPDEN AND FALKLAND REPRESENT THE TWO SIDES

THE more far-seeing people had long foreseen that the differences between the King and his people would hardly find a settlement in argument or mutual concession, as neither side was disposed to yield in their demands. The little cloud which even Laud had descried, was now, as Carlyle says, 'covering the whole sky, in a most dismal and really thundery-looking manner.' The Parliament was all the stronger for Charles's mistakes. The Bishops' War in Scotland, as people called it, had done more to enlist friends for the popular cause than any mere verbal appeals. The Grand Remonstrance of the Parliament for the reform of abuses and grievances was presented at Hampton Court, December 1, 1641; but hardly less ominous was the great City of London petition of the previous year to have religion reformed, and another equally

formidable from the inside of the Church itself. The excitement over passing the Remonstrance was really one of those awe-aspiring crises which can occur only in a time of revolution. News of the Irish outbreak, and a reported massacre, and plots to exterminate the Protestants, caused the popular agitation to rise to a frenzy of white heat. At such a time all kinds of exaggeration will not only be circulated, but will be eagerly believed. It was so in this instance. It was not only the merciless hordes of Romanism which threatened the people of these islands, the King was actually playing into the hands of the Papists to gain his end, and to disappoint the hopes of all patriotic people.

There can be no manner of doubt that though they were Romanists, the Irish nation had grievances as genuine and even more scandalous than those of Scotland; and if Presbyterians had gained their point, why should not the natives of Old Ireland? To effect this the Irish leaders went the wrong way to work, however; and while openly boasting of being on the side of the King, to establish his prerogative against the Parliament, they really weakened his cause by the false reports they circulated, and which were of the very kind to inflame the passions of all zealous Protestants

against their cause. They gave out that the English Parliament aimed at depriving the King of his just rights, while it aimed at suppressing the Roman Catholic no less than the Episcopal Church. It was further given out that an army of Scottish Covenanters was on the way to Ireland, while a forged commission from the King countenancing the rising was shown. Any false or exaggerated story concerning the bloodthirsty intentions of the Papists was readily believed in London. Thus, a common tradesman named Beale gave out that he had overheard an alarming confidential conversation behind a hedge, when over a hundred members of Parliament were mentioned as being marked out for assassination by Romish agents. Nothing could exceed the excitement both in the Parliament and throughout London and Westminster, and the only remedy which commended itself to those who were affected was sternly to repress all priests and Jesuits as well as others who were papistically inclined. For noise, mobs, street-fighting, and stormy debate in Parliament never was such a Christmas known in England as that of 1641. Before the tempest was finally spent, the English Church Establishment was destined to go down for the time being. We naturally associate all this up-

roarious excitement with the stormy passing of the Grand Remonstrance, and Charles's arrest of the five members, the latter being characterised by Carlyle as 'the fatalest step this poor King ever took.' It was like taking the match which set the country ablaze in civil war. At last, on a day of ill-omen in January, 1642, the King left Whitehall, and was not seen there again until the fatal 30th of January, seven years later, when he walked from the house on to the scaffold.

The summer of 1642 was a time of active preparation for the final appeal to arms which all now saw to be inevitable. 'The most confused months England ever saw,' says Carlyle. 'England with sorrowful confusion is tearing itself into hostile halves.' Cromwell, as the first general of his time, without being aware of the fact, was busy at Cambridge, and making the first beginnings for the organization of the Eastern Counties' Association. The chief centre of Royalist sympathy and influence was at Oxford, and its University Press has since held for two centuries the perpetual copyright of Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*. In 1642 Cambridge was also sufficiently Royalist in its aspirations to surrender the University plate to the King, and valued at £20,000, but Captain Cromwell

was able to hinder that arrangement, while he also seized the magazine of the Castle. Indeed, 'Mr. Cromwell,' either personally or in the person of his agents, seems to be ubiquitous. Thus, John and Frank Bramstone, sons of the judge who had given the illegal decision in the matter of Ship Money, were stopped between Huntingdon and Cambridge. 'Certain musketeers start out of the cover and command us to stand,' we are told in their own account, 'telling us we must be searched, and to that end must go before Mr. Cromwell, and give an account from whence we came, and whither we were going.' As the Captain was four miles off, twelve pence compromised that little matter; but the messengers saw that their father would not be able to pass through such a country to the headquarters of the King at York. Thus, before even a skirmish had taken place, the future Protector of the Commonwealth was the most active man in England on the side of the Parliament. 'Is Mr. Cromwell well aware that there lies a colour of high treason in all this; risk not of one's purse only, but of one's head?' asks Carlyle. 'Mr. Cromwell is aware of it and pauses not.'

During the summer the two armies were getting, as it were, into battle array, and those who were to act prominent parts in the tragic

scene which was to ensue now began to come into view. The Parliamentary general, the Earl of Essex—1582–1646—professed to hold his command on behalf of 'the King and the Parliament,' and his forces were chiefly found in Cambridgeshire and the home counties. London needed to be defended at any cost, while the capital city was also the one great prize the King needed to possess if the Royalist cause was to be won. If Charles, or any one else in his camp, had possessed the military genius of Cromwell, and had pushed for the attainment of this one object, the story of the civil wars might have had a different sequel.

When we say that the King was his own worst enemy, it is meant that no one so effectively defeated his own ends. He had so fully inherited his father's kingcraft that, being unable to see through his duplicity, the friends on whom he desired to lean could not trust him. This came out very strongly in the case of Sir John Hotham, Governor of Hull. In his heart, Charles had little or no esteem for Hotham, and the latter had reason to believe that his life would be in some hazard if the King were to have full power over him. Believing in his own methods, however, Charles was no less surprised than irritated

when his tactics failed. Wishing to gain possession of the magazine of Hull, he sent his son James on a pleasant errand, and soon after appeared himself on the scene to honour the Governor by dining with him; but Hotham's hospitality consisted in taking up the drawbridge, shutting the gates, manning the battlements, and refusing the King admission.

The battle of Edgehill or Keynton, near Banbury, was the first engagement of the two armies. The Royalists had gone westward, the King realising that his cause was strongest in the northern and western counties. He may have been disappointed at the first, but there were signs of encouragement as he went forward. His army may not have numbered more than 6,000 when he left Nottingham after raising his standard in the market-place of that town, but when he left Shrewsbury his forces seem to have increased to 18,000—a body sufficiently formidable to warrant an advance on London. Though Essex may have been in pursuit, the greatest terror prevailed both in Parliament and the City. In the opinion of Richard Baxter and some others, one battle would suffice to settle the great controversy; and to many in the army the conflict which was now inevitable at Keynton would seem to be the crisis in which the quarrel between

King and Parliament would end one way or the other. Edgehill ranks as a drawn battle, however, although in its general effects the advantage was evidently on the side of Parliament. There was one evil genius in the Royal force who seemed to prevent advantage being gained on the one hand, and even to court disaster on the other. This was the King's impetuous nephew 'Prince Rupert of the Rhine.' The Royalist council of war was held at midnight on Saturday, October 22nd, the march towards London being now challenged by the appearance of Essex's vanguard in Keynton village, at or about the same time that the Royalists were encamping on the hills, after two days' march towards London undisputed.

The King's triumphant progress was arrested; and having so far accomplished his object, Essex viewed with equanimity in the grey light of the autumn morning the Royal force encamped on the hills, while he arranged his battalions, which had not yet all come up. By the time that service in the surrounding churches was over Charles found that his men were impatient at merely looking at the enemy; but not until two o'clock did the King fire the gun which was the signal for opening the battle. Had Cromwell been chief in command, instead of being merely a captain of horse, it is probable

that the King would have been attacked some time before the signal mentioned was given, as, on account of their unreadiness and their not having their guns in order, an advantage might have been gained over the King's forces. As it was, the Royalists came down in good order, and at the outset their hopes were raised by the Parliamentary officer, Sir Faithful Fortiscue, deserting his friends and charging with Prince Rupert. This charge was at first apparently successful, but, like so many other of Rupert's exploits, it was an opportunity thrown away. The troops of horse under Sir James Ramsay were at once broken and pursued beyond Keynton, and as their enemy's baggage was in that village, the returning horsemen were allowed an hour for plunder. This hour, which was of priceless importance to the King's cause, was thus turned to a poor purpose. Hampden's and Colonel Grantham's regiments at length opened a deadly fire, which had the effect of driving them back to the main body, where they were furiously charged by the battalion under Sir P. Stapylton. Darkness coming down on the scene seemed now to favour one side and then the other. That may have been providential, for each side had yet much to learn. The lowest estimate of the losses on both sides, but which is probably

nearest to truth, makes the total number of killed to have been 1,200. 'Both armies claimed the honour, neither reaped the benefit of victory,' remarks Lingard. The time of testing and of dearly bought experience was not to end with one hotly contested field, however. Lessons were yet to be learned which would redound to the furtherance of popular liberty. Who would take these to heart and best turn them to account?

There were those who had eyes to discern who took part in that fairly fought field on that memorable Sunday—two men in middle life who did not take notice for naught. These two were Oliver Cromwell and Nathaniel Fiennes, son of Lord Say and Sele, and in the opinion of some the latter left the most intelligible account of the battle. It was he who afterwards unsuccessfully defended Bristol against Prince Rupert. We have to bear in mind that this was Oliver Cromwell's first battle; he does not appear ever before to have been under fire. 'It is surely a significant circumstance,' says Mr. J. Allanson Picton in his admirable Life of the Protector, 'that on this day the only part of Essex's army which never yielded for a moment was the wing in which Captain Cromwell was stationed with his troop. Against this right wing the

Royalist horse and dragoons dashed in vain. On the contrary, it charged and broke the King's redcoats, capturing the Royal standard, and kept the ground firmly amidst all the defeat and confusion on the left.'

It is possible—we might even say, probable—that both Cromwell and Fiennes had an eye on the erratic and fiery Rupert, whose name has passed into a proverb. His life—1619–1682—was not a very long one, and he spent a main part of his time in England. Firm in holding Protestant principles, he was yet licentious in his habits, after the grovelling fashion of the majority of his comrades who espoused the Royal cause. Being made general of the horse, he was present when the King's standard was raised in Nottingham market-place; a few days later he did his first fighting at Worcester, showed his fatal characteristics at Edgehill, met Hampden on Chalgrove Field, and was thoroughly routed by Cromwell's Ironsides at Marston Moor. His adventures, more or less exciting, on sea and land, continued until after the Restoration, when Blake was too much for him on the water, just as Cromwell's battalions were on land. In retirement at Windsor during the last years of his life, he had his workshop fitted up in the Round Tower of the Castle.

He devoted attention to chemistry and various arts, and it seems to be not improbable that he was the inventor, or discoverer, of mezzotint engraving. In war he made too many mistakes through his impetuous nature to be of very great service to the King's cause, and he was hated by the people as a wandering adventurer who burnt, killed, and plundered to damage the other side without very materially benefiting his own. Cruel, rapacious, and unprincipled, he and his followers met full punishment when they encountered Cromwell's Ironsides at Marston Moor.

In taking Hampden and Falkland as representing the two sides in the appeal to arms, we bring before the reader two of the best men of their time, who, in a greater or lesser degree, writers of both sides have agreed to honour. Each was an ornament to his age and country; and it was when such men were sacrificed on the field of battle that the heart of the nation bitterly realised the curse of civil war.

The family of Hampden settled on their Buckinghamshire estate in Saxon times, before the Conquest of William the Conqueror, and thus does not suffer from that want of prestige which comes of antiquity. The annals of the family are very distinguished. Nugent has

an interesting passage relating to our patriot's father, who, as High Sheriff of Buckingham, represented the county in the Parliament of 1585: 'By him the Queen was received with great magnificence at Hampden, which he had in part rebuilt, and much enlarged. An extensive avenue was cut for passage through the woods to the house; and a part of that opening is still to be seen on the brow of the Chilterns from many miles round, retaining the name of the Queen's Gap, in commemoration of that visit.'

Many memorials of the Hampdens are still to be found in the parish named after them, and at their ancestral seat. The church of St. Mary Magdalen, which is in Early English style, also contains many memorials, among others a fine monument to our Puritan patriot, who is represented as falling from his horse at Chalgrove Field. Just about seventy years ago the supposed body of John Hampden was disinterred, when the traditional cause of death —the bursting of his pistol—seemed to be confirmed. For about three-quarters of a century Hampden House has been held by the Earls of Buckinghamshire. Portraits of John Hampden and Cromwell are to be seen there, as well as many others representing various members of the Hampden family,

but which in many instances are without names.

Born in 1594, our patriot lost his father three years later, so that he inherited the family estate in infancy. His mother, who so far outlived him that she survived to see the Restoration, was a widow during a very long period. We have to think of Hampden as growing up to be a kind of model country gentleman. Educated at a school at Thame, and at Magdalen College, Oxford, he was a competent scholar, and he cultivated a taste for country life, its recreations, pleasures, and pursuits. He seems to have been free from the more vulgar ambitions of the time, for he refused to accept a peerage, with which Mrs. Hampden, senior, ardently desired to see her family distinguished, and which the easy terms under the Stuarts were simply, as Macaulay remarks, 'to ask, pay, and have.' After showing that Hampden made good progress in the study of common law after being admitted to the Inner Temple, Nugent gives this picture of the patriot's mode of living in the days of his first wife:—

'He was married in the church of Pepton, in Oxfordshire, 1619, to Elizabeth, only daughter of Edward Symeon, Esq., lord of that manor and estate. To this lady he was

tenderly attached, and in several parts of his correspondence he pays tributes to her virtues, talents, and affection. For some years he seemed to addict himself mainly to the pursuits and enjoyments of a country life, and from great natural cheerfulness, joined with qualities of mind and address which recommended him generally to society, he was induced, according to his own confession, to enter freely into the amusements and dissipations of his age. By disposition, however, active, accurate, and laborious, even from the earliest days of his manhood, he allowed himself these indulgences as exercises only of recreation and relief, during the intervals of those literary habits to which his taste always powerfully inclined him.'

When the clouds were still more darkening the political horizon in the summer of 1634, death invaded the Hampdens' happy home and cut down the wife and mother, who had been the light of the household during fifteen years.

> 'In her pilgrimage,
> The staie and comfort of her neighbours,
> The love and glory of a well-ordered family,
> The delight and happiness of tender parents;
> But a crown of Blessings to a husband.'

It was while suffering from this severe

bereavement that Hampden, by resisting the payment of Ship Money, suddenly became not only the leading patriot of his age, but the chief opponent with whom the King had to reckon. Nugent mentions three great crises in our national history—King John and Magna Charta, the Reformation and the Revolution; and he considers the Ship Money writ to have been a fourth episode—a great landmark in our annals—of equal importance. 'The first Ship Money writ may be considered as the foundation, though laid by no friendly hand, on which was afterwards to be reared the stoutest buttress of our English Constitution, the entire and undisputed control of Parliament over the supplies.'

The catastrophe of Hampden's death on Chalgrove Field on June 18, 1643, was one of those things which would not have happened, so far as one can see at this distance of time, if the control of the main Parliamentary army had not been in the somewhat incompetent hands of the Earl of Essex. We find one historian remarking that Hampden himself ought to have been chief in command; and had this been the case, history would have taken another turn. As it was, Hampden made an effort to correct the general's mistakes, but he did so in vain. The story of the skirmish

of Chalgrove Field, which cost the life of Hampden, is a short one, and is one which can easily be comprehended. A renegade officer named Hurry, who deserted from the Parliamentary army to the King, reported that a couple of regiments were at Wycomb, and being away from the main army, could easily be dealt with. Hampden's quick eye at once saw the danger of any battalions being thus isolated, and at the same time he was on the alert to check any regiment of the enemy which might venture abroad on mischief bent. Vainly did Hampden try to rouse the general to a sense of duty; and he lost his life in endeavouring to check an incursion on the part of the enemy which the commander-in-chief ought to have rendered impossible of success. The loss of such a man was justly put down as being equivalent to an entire army. The consternation of the Parliament and the grief in London were indescribable. The passage from the *Weekly Intelligencer*, quoted by Macaulay in his well-known essay, still appeals by its force and pathetic truth to the heart of any one who looks into the annals of those stirring times:—

'The loss of Colonel Hampden goeth near the heart of every man that loves the good of his King and country, and makes some con-

ceive little content to be at the army, now that he is gone. The memory of this deceased colonel is such, that in no age to come but it will more and more be had in honour and esteem; a man so religious, and of that prudence, judgment, temper, valour, and integrity, that he hath left few his like behind.'

Lucius Cary, who is known in history as Lord Falkland, ranks as a Royalist, but his convictions as such were not so strong as those of Hampden on the popular side. Such a man was too honest, straightforward, and outspoken to suit the taste of such a master in double-dealing or kingcraft as Charles I. In point of fact, he had at heart the general welfare of the people at large, and, if possible, he would have ended the national troubles by a compromise. While he could not repose full confidence in the King, he did not in all respects sympathise with the cause. He and Clarendon the historian, being of or about the same age, were warmly attached friends, and while the latter was against Ship Money, Falkland would have excluded bishops from the House of Lords. They were both disposed to favour the patriots in some degree until they thought that there was danger of their demands for reform being pushed too far. They were both friends of

the King, but were not less so of the people.

The portraiture which Clarendon has drawn of Lord Falkland shows him to have been quite an ideal scholar and friend. Before the differences between King and Parliament became acute, 'his condition of life was so happy that it was hardly capable of improvement.' Before coming of age he inherited an ample fortune independently of his parents, and he had a bent to be liberal to the poor around, and others who deserved such notice. Living within ten miles of Oxford, at Great Tew, the scholars from the University still found that retreat of learning 'a University in a less volume, whither they came, not so much for repose as study, and to examine and refine those grosser propositions which laziness and consent made current in vulgar conversation.' Attempts were made by his mother to win him over to Romanism; but the notice he took of Jesuitical influences in his own family not only confirmed him in the Protestant faith, but even prompted him to write against Romanism 'with that sharpness of style and full weight of reason' which might have been expected. The full delineation of him which has come down to us enables us to see the qualities of a truly estimable person; but

being drawn by 'the artful Clarendon,' it is naturally pervaded by his political bias. Other observers have mentioned Falkland, however, and we seem to listen to the harsh voice of the short and somewhat ungainly figure, who nevertheless dispelled all prejudice as soon as he began to speak.

Falkland was without doubt one of the most lovable and accomplished men of his time, and since he fell at the battle of Newbury all parties have joined in paying tributes to his worth and in revering his memory. The civil troubles nearly broke his heart, a melancholy which seemed to be chronic settled upon him, and in solitary communings with himself he would give audible evidence that his aspirations were for peace. In life Falkland and Hampden had some regard one for the other, and in death they were divided by the space of only three months and two days. It is worth while quoting Clarendon's account of his friend's sad fate at Newbury, September 20, 1643:—

'In the morning before the battle, as always upon action, he was very cheerful, and put himself in the first rank of the Lord Byron's regiment, then advancing upon the enemy, who had lined the hedges on both sides with musqueteers, from whence he was shot with a

musket in the lower part of the belly, and in the instant falling from his horse, his body was not found until the next morning, till when there was some hopes he might have been a prisoner, though his nearest friends, who knew his temper, received small comfort from that imagination. Thus fell that incomparable young man, in the four and thirtieth year of his age, having so much dispatched the true business of life, that the eldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocency. Whosoever leads such a life needs be the less anxious upon how short warning it is taken from him.'

In that autumn of 1643 two of the saddest homes in England were found at Hampden and Great Tew.

CHAPTER V

SOME EPISODES OF THE WAR. MARSTON MOOR. NASEBY.

ANY one who should undertake to give a complete history of the civil wars of England in the seventeenth century would have to write a very large book, and would also have to take account of a far larger number of battles, sieges, and storming of towns on one side or on the other, than is commonly supposed to have taken place by persons who have not looked fully into the subject. We have to realise what a spirit of intense partisanship took possession of all sections of the people. In reference to this, Mrs. Hutchinson says :—

'Before the flame of the war broke out in the top of the chimneys, the smoke ascended in every country (*i.e.*, county) ; the King had sent forth commissions of array, and the Parliament had given out commissions for their militia, and sent off their members

into all counties to put them in execution. Between these, in many places, there were fierce contests and disputes, almost to blood, even at the first; for in the progress every county had the civil war, more or less, within itself. Some counties were from the beginning so wholly for the Parliament, that the King's interest appeared not in them; some so wholly for the King, that the godly—for those generally were the Parliament's friends—were forced to forsake their habitations, and seek other shelters.'

All through the year 1643 the tide of war seemed to favour the Royalist cause, the chief exception being some advantage gained by Cromwell at Gainsborough in July. Through half of the year 1644 the King seemed still to be gaining ground until he received the unexpected and decisive check at Marston Moor on July 2nd.

The events which led to this battle may be briefly stated, as in the popular mind it was the prelude to the final ruin of the King's cause at Naseby nearly a year later.

In the preceding January, the weather being very severe, the Scottish army crossed the Tweed. The Marquess of Newcastle would have engaged the invaders at Sunderland, but as they occupied a good position, the Scots

were not disposed to risk an encounter until they joined the Parliamentary forces. Two successive defeats of the Royalists, one at Nantwich and one at Leeds, enabled the Scots to join their allies under Lord Fairfax and his son; and as the Royalists moved on to York, all the others followed.

The King was noting these movements with anxious interest at Oxford, where he had a force of 10,000 men. The Earl of Essex, whose policy seems to have been not to do anything in the way of fighting too decisive, still thought that it might be a nice thing to lay siege to Oxford under the conditions then existing. The King got out of Oxford, however, and made his way towards Worcester, and coming in contact with a division of the Parliamentary forces under Waller, he gained a victory at Cropredy Bridge, after which he marched westward in pursuit of the main army under the Earl of Essex.

While such adventures as these were not destined to greatly influence the war either one way or the other, the Earl of Manchester and Lieutenant-General Oliver Cromwell were on the eve of more decisive service in the north, the object being to lay siege to York. The King intensely realised the peril of York and its defenders; for if that stronghold fell

his cause in the northern counties would practically be lost. Little thinking what a crisis he was bringing on, Charles sent word to Rupert to hasten northward from the more southern counties, where he had gained several advantages, including the raising of the siege of Newark, and also that of Lathom House, which, under the heroine in command, the Countess of Derby, had held out against its besiegers for over four months. When Rupert reached York from Lancashire, where he had committed great and barbarous ravages, the forces of the Parliament raised the siege of York, and retired to Marston Moor. This Moor is nearly two miles northward of the village, the latter being over two miles from Marston railway station. When Rupert reached York, he found his friend Newcastle less disposed to go out and fight the enemy than he was himself. There were between forty and fifty thousand men in both armies, each side being about equal. When the Parliament men and their Scottish allies retired from the siege of York, and were taking up their position, it was hardly expected that a battle would take place on that evening, and the general engagement was brought on by unexpected circumstances.

There was some desultory firing of large

guns during the evening; and some have thought that a prisoner whom Rupert allowed to return to his comrades had something to do with bringing on the engagement. This man seems to have come into personal contact with the prince, and he reported that Rupert was extremely anxious to know if Cromwell was leading the left wing of the Parliament forces, and after asking if they were disposed to fight, added that if they were they should have their fill of it. 'And please God, so shall he,' cried Cromwell when he heard of it. Soon after this a small battery was placed in position on the moor, and a ball from one of its guns mortally wounded the youthful Valentine Walton, son of Cromwell's sister. The lieutenant-general thereupon had two guns brought forward to engage this battery, and while the duel grew hotter, a sharpshooter's musket-ball grazed Cromwell's neck, and for the moment those who stood around were panic-stricken. 'A miss is as good as a mile,' said the future Protector of the Commonwealth in his most reassuring tone, and went on with the business in hand as though nothing had happened. It was this skirmish with the musketeers in a ditch which divided the two armies which began

the battle. Scoutmaster Watson, who left some account of what followed, thought that the opening of the general engagement was 'the bravest sight in the whole world.' The left wing of the Parliament army, led by Lieutenant-General Cromwell, came forward to charge the right wing of the Royalists, under Rupert himself. Three brigades of the Earl of Manchester's foot at the same time engaged Newcastle's and the Prince's foot.

'In a moment,' says Watson, 'we were past the ditch upon the moor, on equal ground, our men going on a running march. Our front divisions of horse charged their front. Lieutenant-General Cromwell's division of three hundred horse, in which himself was in person, charged the first division of Rupert's own regiment, in which he himself was in person; the rest other divisions, but with such admirable valour as it was to the astonishment of all the old soldiers of the army. Lieutenant-General Cromwell's own division had a handful of it; for they were charged by Rupert's bravest men both in front and flanks. . . . But at last, it pleased God he broke through them, and scattered them before him like dust. At the same instant the rest of our horse of that

wing had already broken all Rupert's horse on the right wing, and was in the chase of them beyond their left wing. Our foot on the right hand, being only the Earl of Manchester's foot, went on by our side, dispersing the enemy's foot almost as fast as they charged them, still going on by our side, cutting them down, that we carried the whole field before us.'

On that summer night the air seemed to be charged with electricity; and thunder-storms which were hovering near and far away were in keeping with the storm which had now burst on the Yorkshire moor. The 'solemn pause,' as Lingard calls it, which had lasted from five to seven o'clock, was over. At first, the charges of the infantry, under Goring, Porter, and Lucas, seemed to promise a complete victory for the Royal cause. They were for the moment quite successful. The Parliament generals, Manchester and Fairfax, were so convinced that the day was lost, that they made their escape from the field in different directions. It was otherwise with Cromwell, whose own account of what took place is given in a letter written three days afterwards to Colonel Valentine Walton:—

'We never charged but we routed the enemy. The left wing, which I com-

manded, being our own horse, saving a few Scots in our rear, beat all the Prince's horse. God made them as stubble to our swords. We charged their regiments of foot with our horse, and routed all we charged. The particulars I cannot relate now; but I believe, of twenty thousand the Prince hath not four thousand left. Give glory, all the glory, to God.'

In its victorious course Cromwell's left wing pursued the enemy to within two miles of York; but on their return to the field there were on all hands signs of defeat. Stragglers gave despairing reports of what had occurred; and Sir Thomas Fairfax, with a bleeding face, and mounted on a wounded horse, seemed to confirm all the bad news. If the musket-ball which had grazed Cromwell's neck two or three hours previously had proved fatal, Marston Moor would probably have shown a crowning victory for the Royalists. There was disorder everywhere, the Parliament's baggage-waggons and guns were in possession of the enemy.

It was then that the military genius, faith, and courage of Cromwell proved to be equal to the occasion. The surprising manner in which disaster was turned into victory, is said by Mr. Picton to have been 'surely one of

the most extraordinary incidents in the history of warfare.' Macaulay also remarks: 'It was notorious that the day, disgracefully lost by the Presbyterians, had been retrieved by the energy of Cromwell, and by the steady valour of the warriors whom he had trained.' It was in reality one of the most extraordinary transformation scenes that ever occurred on a field of battle. With the exception of the defeat of Rupert's horse, the Royalists were victorious all along the line; and to secure any advantage, Cromwell must begin the battle over again. He did not hesitate; the Ironsides, now reinforced by several companies from the shattered regiments, were formed in line, and the Royalist centre and left were successively charged and routed, even while portions of their comrades had to be brought back from the pursuit and plunder of a foe supposed to be finally vanquished. No victory could be more complete; for the guns and regiments were not only recaptured, the Royalists were pursued to within a mile of York with deadly effect. We may bear in mind what Carlyle says of Rupert in connection with this battle: '"The Prince of Plunderers," invincible hitherto, here first tasted the steel of Oliver's Ironsides, and did not in the least like it.' Hardly

inferior was the service rendered in this battle by the Scots; for they 'delivered their fire with such constancy and swiftness, it was as if the whole air had become an element of fire.' We have one more extremely vivid glimpse of the sanguinary field at Marston Moor in Cromwell's letter of comfort sent to the young hero's father before referred to:—

'He was a gallant young man, exceedingly gracious. God give you His comfort. Before his death he was so full of comfort that to Frank Russel and myself he could not express it. This he said to us. Indeed it was admirable. A little after, he said, One thing lay upon his spirit. I asked him, What that was? He told me it was, That God had not suffered him to be any more the executioner of His enemies. At his fall, his horse being killed with the bullet, and as I am informed, three horses more, I am told he bid them, Open to the right and left, that he might see the rogues run. Truly he was exceedingly beloved in the Army, of all who knew him. But few knew him; for he was a precious young man, fit for God.'

During the rather more than eleven months which elapsed between Marston Moor and Naseby, there occurred the defeat of the Covenanters by Montrose at Tippermuir, on

September 1st, and the second fight at Newbury, which was indecisive, on October 27, 1644. These actions were of far less importance in regard to their consequences than the Parliamentary battle which resulted in the Self-denying Ordinance. Although the second action at Newbury is recorded as being somewhat of a drawn battle, one cannot doubt that it would have been very decisive indeed if Cromwell had held the chief command. The King retreated in good order, and when the lieutenant-general urged that there should be a pursuit, Manchester would not consent to it. Nearly a fortnight later, when, through the King's sending supplies into Dennington Castle, another opportunity occurred, the commander-in-chief was still in a similar mood. This kind of warfare did not agree with the lieutenant-general's notions, and he saw that there would have to be some alteration before any real progress could be made. It became more and more evident that officers like Manchester, Essex, and Waller were as timid and undecided as they were otherwise incompetent. 'To Cromwell and the thorough-going party,' says Carlyle, 'it had become very clear that high Essexes and Manchesters, of limited notions and large estates and anxieties, who besides their fear

of being themselves beaten utterly, and forfeited and "hanged," were afraid of beating the King too well, would never end this cause in a good way.' The Self-denying Ordinance had religious as well as political aims, however. There was an overruling of Presbyterian opinion in Parliament; and the covenant, which came naturally to a Scotsman, or rested lightly on his shoulders, might be distasteful to an Englishman who was not of the Scottish Kirk. As an Independent who was indisposed to persecute people for their religious opinions, Cromwell was unwilling to have the cause to which he had set his hand bound or hampered by the chains of the Solemn League and Covenant. He would have the army open to all good men, however much they might differ in their religious views, while great places in the service should not be held by members of either House. His indictment of Manchester in the Commons was especially outspoken. He showed 'that the said Earl hath always been indisposed and backward to engagements'; and 'that since the taking of York, he hath declined whatsoever tendeth to further advantage upon the enemy.' Even beyond that, Manchester had manœuvred 'to give the enemy fresh advantages.' The

lieutenant-general said a good deal more, but from which a few words only need be quoted:—

'It is now a time to speak, or forever hold the tongue. . . . For what do the enemy say? Nay, what do many say that were friends at the beginning of the Parliament? Even this. That the Members of both Houses have got great places and commands, and the sword into their hands; and, what by interest in Parliament, what by power in the Army, will perpetually continue themselves in grandeur, and not permit the war speedily to end, lest their own power should determine with it.' The Self-denying Ordinance was moved and carried; the religious and the political atmosphere cleared, and although the Scots and the Presbyterians regarded Cromwell as a firebrand, the New Model army would soon give proof of the quality of its mettle.

There seems to have been some alarm lest this new arrangement of things should even dissolve the army, as it were, and Cromwell had to show that such fears were groundless. 'I can speak this for my own soldiers,' he said, 'that they look not upon me, but upon you; and for you they will fight, and die in your cause. . . . They do not idolise me, but look upon the Cause they fight for.' But

notwithstanding such reassuring words, there must have been few who really understood the situation who would have looked upon Cromwell's retirement from the army without a feeling of dismay. Naseby without him and his Ironsides must inevitably have been a decisive triumph for the Royalists.

Cromwell honestly expected to lay down his commission, but before doing so he undertook some service in the west; and on his return, when in the ordinary course of things he should have been free, he was ordered off on an urgent errand into Oxfordshire, resulting in the defeat of four regiments of cavalry at Islip Bridge, and the surprising capture of Bletchington House and some other service. Notwithstanding the Self-denying Ordinance, it became sufficiently clear that the services of Lieutenant-General Cromwell could not be dispensed with. The New Model army could not do without this ablest military leader of his time, and this was well understood by Sir Thomas Faifax, the commander-in-chief of the Parliament's forces.

The decisive battle of Naseby was fought on June 14, 1645, but there were indications in the air of something about to happen in the earlier days of the month. The King

having left Oxford, which Fairfax now desired to take, had stormed Leicester; and as the Cambridge committee wrote on June 6th: 'The cloud of the Enemy's Army hanging still upon the borders, and drawing towards Harborough, make some supposals that they aim at the Association.' It was necessary from the Royalists' standpoint to strike this Eastern Counties Association, and to strike in an effective manner when they remembered what kind of service the men of the Association had done at Marston Moor.

The events which led up to the battle of Naseby showed that the leaders of the New Model army were neither cowards nor time-servers. The King having left Oxford with 5,000 cavalry and as many foot, was followed by Fairfax. The Parliamentary van seems to have come up with the Royalist rear on the evening of June 13th, about midway between Daventry and Market Harborough. The village of Naseby, now having between five and six hundred inhabitants, lies on the western border of Northamptonshire, it is 79 miles from London, and 4½ miles from Kilmarsh railway station. It is the highest ground in the county, and the field of the battle of Naseby is about a mile from the village, and not near the column which

commemorates the action. The eminences of Dust Hill and Red Pitt Hill, the former being occupied by the King's forces and the latter by Fairfax, still retain their names. 'Fairfax and his officers hailed with joy the prospect of a battle,' says Lingard. 'They longed to refute the bitter taunts and sinister predictions of their opponents in the two Houses; to prove that want of experience might be supplied by the union of zeal and talent; and to establish by a victory over the King, the superiority of the Independent over the Presbyterian party.'

The Royalists were more or less elated by the passing of the Self-denying Ordinance; for if the best generals of the Parliament were removed from their commands, the popular cause could not but suffer. On the eve of the battle of Naseby, when his last hope would be extinguished, the King thought the outlook to be more promising than it had been since the outbreak of the war, and he wrote to the Queen to that effect.

As at Marston Moor, the numbers on each side may have been very nearly equal, but the total of the two hosts seems to have been under 40,000. The arrangement of the forces was similar to what it had been at Marston Moor, and was in accordance with the notion

about military tactics which prevailed at that time. The regiments of foot were placed in the centre, and on the right and left were the horse. On the side of the Parliament Fairfax and Skippon commanded the centre, Ireton led the left wing, and Cromwell the right. The King and Lord Bernard commanded the Royalist centre. Rupert had charge of the cavalry on the right, and Sir M. Langdale the left.

It was said by some persons who knew him in the seventeenth century, that in any great crisis like that of Marston Moor or Naseby, Cromwell was subject to impulses, or even a divine afflatus. A colonel who was present reported that a fit of laughter seized the lieutenant-general just before the opening of the battle of Naseby, and this may be confirmed by a passage in one of Cromwell's own letters :—

'I can say this of Naseby, that when I saw the army draw up and march in gallant order toward us, and we a company of poor ignorant men, to seek how to order our battle, the General having ordered me to order all the horse, I could not—riding alone about my business—but smile out to God in praises, in assurance of victory, because God would by things that are not bring to naught things

that are; of which I had great assurance. And God did it.'

For some time the issue of the battle seemed to be on the side of the King; Rupert made his usual impetuous charge and threw Ireton's cavalry into some confusion, while the King seemed to be gaining some advantage in the centre. Skippon and Ireton were wounded. All will remember Macaulay's lines referring to that critical moment when the Parliamentary battalions seemed to be routed, ere the charge of Cromwell's Ironsides had taken place :—

'They are here! They rush on! We are broken! We are gone!
Our left is borne before them, like stubble on the blast.
O Lord, put forth Thy might! O Lord, defend the right!
Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to the last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound; the centre hath given ground.
Hark! Hark! What means the trampling of horsemen on our rear?
Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he, thank God, 'tis he, boys!
Bear up another minute: brave Oliver is here!'

Cromwell's right wing, every individual in which might have ranked as a picked man

for the service, came up in their usual way, 'God is with us,' being their answer to the Royalists' cry of 'Queen Mary,' and after firing their pistols at close quarters, they attacked Sir Marmaduke's men with their swords with such determination that they broke and fled! Leaving one part of his men to see that Sir Marmaduke did not get back, Cromwell then hastened to the aid of Fairfax, who seemed to be losing ground in the centre, and with what effect is well described by Macaulay in one verse more:—

> 'Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row
> Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,
> Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the accurst,
> And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.'

Such was the battle of Naseby. 'Honest men served you in this action,' said Cromwell in his letter to Parliament. 'Sir, they are trusty; I beseech you, in the name of God, not to discourage them.' That is, they were not to be despised because they could not in conscience subscribe the Covenant. Referring to the King, the Lieutenant-General adds: 'We, after three hours' fight very doubtful, at last routed his army; killed and took about 5,000—very many officers, but of what

quality we know not. We took also about 200 carriages, all he had; and all his guns, being 12 in number, whereof two were demi-cannons, two demi-culverins, and I think the rest sackers. We pursued the enemy from three miles short of Harborough to nine beyond, even to the sight of Leicester, whither the King fled.'

The cause of the King never recovered from the disaster at Naseby. Among the sieges which took place in the times of the civil wars we need to mention only two representative instances—those of Basing and of Lathom House.

Basing House, near Basingstoke in Hants, was the seat of John Powlett, fifth Marquess of Winchester—1597–1674—called 'the great loyalist' on account of extreme devotion to the King, and because he is said by some to have marked every window-pane of his mansion with this sentiment. When the civil war broke out, Basing House was fortified as a garrison for the King, which was of great importance because it lay on the main road from London to the west. The place was of great extent for a mere private dwelling; it was surrounded by brick ramparts and a deep and wide dry ditch. 'As a domestic mansion,' says Lodge, 'its situation, its vast extent of

building, the magnificence and convenience of its apartments, and, above all, the splendour of its furniture and decorations, had justly rendered it the chief ornament and pride of that part of England.' The Marquess was a Romanist, and this probably rendered his citadel still more obnoxious to the popular party. The siege commenced in August, 1643, and the defenders held their own until the house was taken by Cromwell more than two years later. The vicissitudes of the siege are of more or less romantic interest. At one time Basing House was relieved at great hazard and with much difficulty; and at another time, Lord Edward Powlett, younger son of the marquess, was found to have agreed to deliver up the place to the popular leaders. At one time a musket-ball went through the clothes of the marquess, and at another time he was actually wounded. One officer of the Parliamentary army after another sat down before the fortress with a view of taking it, and had to retire after losses, confessing that they were foiled.

Four months after the battle of Naseby, Cromwell himself undertook the matter of taking the Marquess of Winchester's citadel, and ere many days had passed he was able to give to the Parliament 'a good account of

Basing,' on October 14th. 'We stormed this morning, after six of the clock: the signal for falling on was the firing four of our cannon; which being done, our men fell on with great resolution and cheerfulness. We took the two houses without any considerable loss to ourselves.' According to the current report of the time, 'the old house had stood two or three hundred years, a nest of idolatry; the new house surpassing that in beauty and stateliness; and either of them fit to make an emperor's court.' There were immense supplies in these two houses: of wheat alone there was over 3,000 bushels, and in one room a bed which cost £1,300. The contents were given to the soldiers, the houses being set on fire and razed to the ground. There were seventy-four persons killed in the rooms, and the Marquess and some others were sent as prisoners to London.

The siege of Lathom House, the seat of the Stanleys, was about as tragic as that of Basing, and the defender was the Countess of Derby, wife of the seventh earl, a very zealous adherent of the King, who was tried and executed for treason at Bolton by the Parliament in 1651.

Seven years before this James Stanley thus met his fate, Holland, governor of Manchester,

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demanded the surrender of Lathom House, but the reply of the countess was that 'she would neither tamely give up the house, nor purchase her peace with the loss of her honour.' The situation of the countess inside the fortress was not an enviable one. 'She endured a continued siege, being with the exception of her gardens and walks, confined as a prisoner within her own walls, with the liberty of the castle-yard, suffering the sequestration of her whole estate.' In times of peace and prosperity Lathom House had been regarded 'both for magnificence and hospitality, the only court in the northern parts of this kingdom'; but when from its ramparts the defenders defied the Parliament, very different views were given. Thus, preaching at Wigan at the time in question, Bradshaw of Brazenose College, enlarged on the text (Jer. l. 14), 'Put yourselves in array against Babylon round about: all ye that bend the bow; shoot at her, spare no arrows: for she hath sinned against the Lord.' The drift of the discourse was to prove that Lady Derby was the scarlet woman of Babylon, and that Lathom House was Babel!

When the siege had proceeded some months Sir Thomas Fairfax demanded that the countess should surrender upon 'honourable

conditions.' Two of Fairfax's colonels even ventured into Lathom House to see if an understanding could be arrived at; but, as the contemporary chronicler says, 'the grave men, being disappointed both of their wit and malice, returned as empty as they came.'

After several conferences had ended without result, a regular siege was commenced, the besiegers being subject to fierce onslaughts from the garrison. The losses of the besiegers were heavy, especially when the defenders were relieved by Prince Rupert. On more than one occasion shots entered the chamber of the countess herself, obliging her to seek a more sheltered retreat.

The victory of the patriots at Marston Moor and Naseby, and the failure of ammunition, inspired the defenders with despair, however; and on December 2, 1645, the place was given up to the Parliamentary army. By her prowess during the siege the Countess of Derby won the reputation of being a better soldier than her husband. 'The besiegers soon converted the most valuable effects of the house into booty; the rich silk hangings of the beds were rent in pieces; the towers, from whence so many fatal shots proceeded, were demolished, and the sun of Lathom seemed for ever to have

set.' The house being nearly in ruins, eventually passed out of the possession of the Stanleys, who then made Knowsley their chief seat. The earl was sentenced to death for taking part in the attempts to restore Charles I.; and the scaffold on which he suffered at Bolton was constructed of timbers brought from Lathom House.

CHAPTER VI

THE NEW MODEL ARMY. TRIAL AND DEATH OF THE KING

THE crushing defeat of Naseby sounded the knell of the Royalist cause for the time being ; while Charles fled into Wales to seek refuge in Raglan Castle, where he remained until nearly Michaelmas. After another defeat on Rowton Moor, Cheshire, a few days later, the King did not venture to remain in the strong Welsh fortress, which ultimately, after a smart siege, was taken and dismantled by Fairfax, to become a ruin in our day to charm tourist lovers of the picturesque. The King's defeat was a double one ; he was overthrown on the field, while the capture of his papers led to a revelation of double-dealing and of lack of common honesty which damaged his cause more than disaster in war.

Meanwhile, the King at length travels northwards, and in May, 1646, delivers himself into the hands of the Scots, whose

lasting friendship could hardly have been cemented by the attempts which had been made to impose Episcopacy upon them in the days of Laud. What had brought about this mighty transformation scene—the turning of the Royalist tide of success into defeat at every point, and demoralisation past recovery? All had to be traced to the action, advice, and still growing influence of Cromwell. He was the inspiration and idol of the army, and the men he had personally commanded caught the enthusiasm of those who never knew defeat. It was the New Model army which had achieved the seeming miracle of delivering the country from the thraldom of a king who had sought to exalt his own will or prerogative over national law and popular right. Disinterested patriotism had never been more triumphant; the reorganisation of a people's battalions had never been more swiftly followed by success. All had come out of the idea of Cromwell that the battles of freedom would have to be fought by men who brought conscience into their service. What had been done in enrolling and drilling the regiments of the Eastern Counties' Association had been extended to the Parliamentary army at large; but the presence of Cromwell himself on the field of action had mainly ensured

decisive victories. 'However admirable as a weapon of war, the New Model without Cromwell would have been like the bow of Ulysses without its master,' remarks Mr. Picton. The Lieutenant-General was now the one man to whom the army of the Parliament looked with unwavering confidence, while his popularity throughout the country was daily growing.

Although the early months of the year 1646 were not altogether a time of peace, there was nothing doubtful about the stormings and sieges which had still to be effected; such actions were merely the complement of the victories which had been already gained; the triumph of the popular cause seemed to be complete.

There is therefore breathing-time to certain interesting domestic matters which may lack attention during the shock and alarm of war. During the lengthened days of June, while the siege of Oxford is still proceeding, there will be both time and opportunity for the marriage of the veteran officer Henry Ireton and Bridget Cromwell. As the parish Register still shows, the ceremony took place in the old church at Holton, six miles east of Oxford, but the wedding party assembled at the moated Manor House, taken down early in this century, and

which in June, 1646, may have been the headquarters of General Fairfax. Bridget Cromwell then had all the charms of twenty-one ; her husband was fifteen years older, a man said by some to be of a 'melancholic, reserved, dark temperament.' He was a man who seemed to be made for the times, however; a brave and capable soldier, a shrewd politican, and as a B.A. of Oxford and quondam law student of the Middle Temple, no mean scholar. In action with the army in the field, in negotiations with Parliament or the King, and in other business, he was next to Cromwell; he was a leading man of action of those times. The popular cause was with Ireton something to be fought for on principle ; and he was not disposed to compromise with those on the other side. Sometime later, he seems to have been vehement in demanding that Charles should be brought to trial, and when the King was condemned this hardy soldier strongly advised that the death penalty should be carried out. Ireton's union with Bridget Cromwell was only a short one, however ; for having been chosen by lot for service in Ireland, he died in that country after the Lieutenant-General's return, being seized with fever, while the siege of Limerick was in progress in November,

1651. At his death Ireton was forty-one years of age.

The other sister, Elizabeth, named after her mother, was hardly seventeen years of age at the time of her marriage, about this same time, to John Claypole of Norborough, Northamptonshire, and there, after the Restoration, the widow of Oliver Cromwell found a home. They had several children; and Carlyle says, 'Claypole became "Master of the Horse" to Oliver; sat in Parliament; made an elegant appearance in the world; but dwindled sadly after his widowship.' The father's continued solicitude for his younger, will be seen in the following letter to the elder, daughter Bridget —No. xli. in Carlyle's collection, and dated October 25, 1646, probably from lodgings in Drury Lane, where the Cromwells stayed prior to their taking a house in King Street, Westminster:—

'Dear Daughter,—I write not to thy Husband: partly to avoid trouble, for one line of mine begets many of his, which I doubt makes him sit up too late; partly because I am myself indisposed at this time, having some other considerations.

'Your friends at Ely are well; your sister Claypole is, I trust in mercy, exercised with

some perplexed thoughts. She sees her own vanity and carnal mind; bewailing it: she seeks after (as I hope also) what will satisfy. And thus to be a seeker is to be one of the best sect next to a finder; and such an one shall every faithful humble seeker be at the end. Happy seeker, happy finder! Who ever tasted that the Lord is gracious, without some sense of self, vanity, and badness? Who ever tasted that graciousness of His, and could go less in desire—less than pressing after full enjoyment? Dear Heart, press on; let not Husband, let not anything cool thy affections after Christ. I hope he will be an occasion to inflame them. That which is best worthy of love in thy Husband is that of the image of Christ he bears. Look on that, and love it best, and all the rest for that. I pray for thee and him; do so for me.

'My service and dear affections to the General and Generaless. I hear she is very kind to thee; it adds to all other obligations. I am thy dear Father,

'OLIVER CROMWELL.'

Cromwell's extreme solicitude or anxiety for Elizabeth was no doubt inspired by the girl's extreme youth at the time of her marriage. Mr. Picton judges Claypole to have been 'a

kindly, amiable man,' adding that 'the union was probably one of pure, unworldly affection between two child lovers.' Carlyle is less favourable, but our charity will give the casting vote for the more genial opinion.

The war between King and Parliament appeared practically to have come to an end with Naseby; but there were other differences even still more difficult of adjustment to be taken into account. The veterans of the New Model army, who had fought and conquered in the cause of freedom, now found that they were in danger of another kind of thraldom more galling if possible than that from which they had escaped. Cromwell and the large body of Independents among the officers and rank-and-file who thought with him, were before their time to an incomprehensible degree to those Presbyterians who, had the opportunity occurred, would have imposed the Solemn League and Covenant on all from whom they differed. The Presbyterians were in the majority in the City of London, in the Parliament, and in the Westminster Assembly of Divines, and the most uncompromising representative of that denomination was Thomas Edwards, whose *Gangræna*, showing the religious divisions which existed at that time, was a general denunciation of all sects apart

from his own: the work of a man who showed some symptoms of being furious with all who differed from him.

It would have been a very poor outcome of a war which both sides had carried on with determined heroism, if the chains of political and social slavery had merely been exchanged for the iron yoke of any one intolerant sect. A tendency towards intolerance was one of the chief drawbacks of religious life in the seventeenth century. All sects were not alike affected with this failing; some were comparatively or altogether free of such unscriptural weakness, among whom we may certainly include Cromwell and those who he had won over to think with him in the New Model army. In these days it is quite impossible fully to realise the intensity of feeling which then characterised all religious differences. The King understood it, however; for when, after giving himself up to the Scots' army, just before Midsummer, 1646, he listened to the northerners' vows of allegiance and self-sacrifice if he would only subscribe the Solemn League and Covenant. While he would not yield to the appeals of those who craved the safe keeping of his soul, Charles thought that one sect might be played against another, to the lasting gain of himself and the Anglican Communion, thus

making one more of those fatal mistakes which led up to the final tragedy. Perhaps he was hardly able to judge of the relative strength of the contending parties. Judging of their energy in making their demands, their activity in the pulpit and the press, an impartial observer might have supposed that the Presbyterians were masters of the situation. At all events, there was no danger in misunderstanding their pretensions and aims. The Presbyterian Order was to supersede the Anglican and all others, and if Thomas Edwards was in any sense to be taken as representing the main body, they were intolerant of all other sects, while seeking to embrace the whole country.

It was a happy thing that Cromwell and the New Model army were not of this temper. Because they were *Independents*, the Lieutenant-General and those who owned him as their leader were of necessity more liberal in their bearing towards those who differed from them. With them, each congregation was a separate Church, with its own aims and purpose to carry out; a truly democratic form of Christian rule, as contrasted with the sterner government of local presbyteries answerable to a synod adopted by the Presbyterians.

If we contrast Oliver Cromwell of the New

Model army, with Thomas Edwards of the *Gangræna*, we shall have no difficulty in understanding how wide a gulf of differences yawned between the two parties. If one who thought for himself, and who ventured to stray from the Presbyterian fold, came within the power of Edwards or his like, correction stern and swift came down on the offender as a supposed scriptural duty. Compromise was not to be thought of when a man's temporal or spiritual good was at stake.

That was not the Independent way, as interpreted by Cromwell. In the early days of the war and of the Eastern Counties' Association, Thomas Knyvett of Ashwellthorpe, Norfolk, was arrested by Cromwell and made to pay his contribution. In the summer of 1646, the Lieutenant-General writes to this gentleman as 'My noble friend Thomas Knyvett Esquire,' complaining of 'Robert Browne, your tenant,' who was molesting certain 'poor, honest neighbours of Hapton' on account of their religious opinions; and being 'not well pleased with the way of these men, seeks their disquiet all he may.' This business cannot now be very clearly understood. Carlyle supposes 'that the parishioners of Hapton were a little given to sectarian Independent notions; which Browne, a respectable Christian of the Presby-

terian strain, could not away with.' They may have written to the Lieutenant-General, who was now more of a Parliament man than a soldier; perhaps they even 'clubbed some poor sixpences, and sent up a rustic deputation to him.' In any case, Cromwell wrote to Knyvett in a strain which clearly reveals his views concerning liberty of thought and action in religious matters:—

'. . I am bold to be beforehand with you to ask your favour on behalf of your honest poor neighbours of Hapton, who, as I am informed, are in some trouble, and are likely to be put to more, by Robert Browne your tenant, who, not well pleased with the way of these men, seeks their disquiet all he may. Truly nothing moves me to desire this more than the pity I bear them in respect of their honesties, and the trouble I hear they are likely to suffer for their consciences. And however the world interprets it, I am not ashamed to solicit for such as are anywhere under pressure of this kind; doing even as I would be done by. Sir, this is a quarrelsome age; and the anger seems to me to be the worse, where the ground is difference of opinion; which to cure, to hurt men in their names, persons or estates, will not be found an apt remedy.'

Sentiments like these are sufficiently

commonplace to us; but they were very novel indeed at the end of the first civil war, although men of great eminence adopted them. They are identical with the views which Cromwell had expressed to the Parliament from the hard-fought field of Naseby, when he pleaded for liberty of conscience for his Ironsides; while they were cordially adopted by Fairfax, chief in command, by Selden the learned antiquary, and by Whitelock the lawyer and statesman. Cromwell would have arranged for an 'accommodation,' of all these differences by means of a committee; but as events proved, an appeal to the sword—'the second civil war'—alone would ever heal these deeply-rooted religious differences. The duel between Presbyterianism and Independency was destined to revive the flame of war which led on to the final conflicts of Dunbar and Worcester.

Meanwhile events move fast, and at Christmas, 1646, the outlook was more cheerful. The Presbyterian City of London still occasioned some trouble from the Independent standpoint. Cromwell mentions 'a very long petition from the City' which 'strikes at the army,' in a letter to Fairfax on December 21st; but at the same time he is able to add: 'We have now, I believe, almost perfected all our

business for Scotland. I believe Commissioners will speedily be sent down to see agreements performed.' One part of the performance was for Skippon to conduct certain waggons down the Great North Road to Newcastle, these being laden with £200,000 in gold. The Scots gladly accept this instalment of what will have to be paid them, march northward, and a few days later Charles is given up to the Parliament as a man with whom arguments, persuasiveness, and promises have equally failed. We seem to see the royal cavalcade when it reaches the Midlands, not far from the spot where Charles first raised the standard of war — Nottingham market-place. Sir Thomas Fairfax meets the King and, dismounting, kisses his hand. The Parliamentary general then 'discoursed with the King as they passed towards Nottingham.' 'The general is a man of honour,' said Charles, 'and keeps his word which he had pledged to me.' It seems to have been a sad coincidence that the surrender of the royal captive to the Parliament Commissioners should have occurred on January 30th. The start was made from Newcastle on February 3rd, and ten days later Charles arrived at Holdenby House, about six miles north-west of Northampton—a vast pile erected in the preceding

century by Sir Christopher Hatton, Queen Elizabeth's councillor, and part of which still remains.

Though he might have some cause of complaint against the Scots for forsaking him in what seemed to be a sore hour of need, Charles would in some respects find daily life at Holdenby more congenial than it was among the hard-headed northerners, who could see no possibility of settlement apart from full and cordial acceptance of their Solemn League and Covenant. The King now lived in an atmosphere which was at least more thoroughly English; and while he was continually conscious that he was a State prisoner, sufficient liberty was accorded him to make one day follow another in agreeable succession. He gave much time to reading and writing; and for outdoor recreation he indulged in the then favourite game of bowls; he rode about the neighbourhood, and at will visited such country seats as Harrowden, belonging to Lord Vane; Althorpe, belonging to the Spencers 'where there was a green well kept,' and where he would be greeted by the youthful widow of the first Earl of Sunderland, who had fallen at Newbury. Of course the King's movements were carefully noted by the guard appointed by the Parliament Commissioners,

who also provided servants of their own to wait upon his Majesty. While apparently enjoying a large measure of liberty, the King was still restricted from seeing any visitor without an order from the authorities at Westminster. Among those who vainly gathered around the house in large numbers were the credulous, afflicted country people, who clamoured to be *touched* for 'the evil.' Although there were a dozen of them, not one of the Episcopal chaplains were as yet allowed access to the captive, and the King resented this affront by declining the services of the two Presbyterian divines who had been authorised to attend upon Charles at Holdenby.

The time of residence at Holdenby—February 13th to June 3rd—was on the whole a pleasant contrast to active service in the field; but although things were going forward at a more rapid rate than the King suspected, he grew impatient when he found that he was unable to arrive at any agreement with the Parliament, or rather that his masters at Westminster sent no communication to him at all. 'The King's patience was exhausted,' remarks Dr. Lingard; 'and he addressed them in a letter which, as it must have been the production of his own pen, furnishes an

undoubted and favourable specimen of his abilities.' The programme for a settlement was a compromise not of a kind to be acceptable; but the concessions and propositions were vastly more liberal than would have been favoured at the outset of the war. It was the ill-fortune of the Stuarts throughout, to learn too late that wisdom which might have saved both their prestige and their House.

Meanwhile, amid the charming spring surroundings of Holdenby, Charles is relieving his studies by bowls and horse-exercise, but still the whirr of excited controversy between men who have differences to adjust is making itself heard more loudly day by day. The army which had vindicated the popular cause now consisted of an unemployed body of somewhat under 30,000 men; and as the majority of these veterans were not in any sense in touch with the Solemn League and Covenant enthusiasts at Westminster, the latter, whether members of Parliament or members of the Assembly of Divines, had the wit to see that those who had been such good servants might become, under certain conditions, very undesirable masters.

Shrewd politicians, capable of seeing the opportunities and possible perils of the situation, would have realised that their first move

must be to pay up the long arrears of wages due to the men; but the more far-gone zealots in authority could see no farther than their own interests. To them the battalions encamped at Saffron Walden or elsewhere were neither more nor less than unprofitable servants who had done their duty to the country and were still amenable to the Parliament's orders. The fact that over 20,000 armed men were within a few miles was not a thing to inspire confidence in the breasts of commoners or divines, especially as these soldiers had *not* subscribed the Covenant! Many of the honourable members had served as officers under Essex, and thus were naturally jealous of the way in which the New Model had eclipsed the achievements of the Old.

The lengthening days of that memorable year show the symptoms of another revolution. Confident in their power and authority, the leaders in Parliament maintained those 'high carriages' which the army, from Fairfax, Cromwell, and Ireton downwards, resented as an infringement of popular liberty, no less than an encroachment on private rights. The line of conduct which the Presbyterian leaders marked out for themselves was as intolerant as the unconstitutional tactics of the King

against which they had made a stand. A body of 12,000 men was to proceed to Ireland, and the rest would be disbanded. All objections or petitions were construed into offences; but the army too well knew its own strength to be coerced by a Parliament which at the same time was overrating and exceeding its power. Men and officers alike refused to be disbanded; the very suggestion had the effect of drawing them more closely together, and they refused to go to Ireland unless Fairfax and Cromwell went with them. The army even proceeded to discuss grievances in a very methodical way, the officers representing an 'upper house,' while representatives from the rank-and-file formed the lower. When the determined resentment of the army was fully understood, the House, which a few days previously had shown a disposition to be overbearing in its supposed plenitude of power, became thoroughly alarmed, and proceeded to undo what had proved most obnoxious. The army even demanded that eleven members of the Parliament who were prominent Presbyterian leaders should be impeached of high treason on account of their late action. These men were regarded as representatives of a faction which was endangering the peace and prosperity of the

country; and who for the sake of political fads and fancies would risk fomenting a second civil war. These veteran Roundheads, who had fought and conquered at Marston Moor and Naseby, and who did not particularly desire to have a repetition of their sanguinary experience, had some prescient discernment. But noise and commotion are not the best symptoms of strength. There was more smoke than fire in the Presbyterian camp.

While the events referred to were in progress a more alarming surprise than aught of the kind that had as yet happened startled both Parliament and country. On an inviting morning in the early part of June, the King rode from Holdenby to Althorpe to play bowls on his favourite grass-plot, as he had so often done before, his playmates being the Commissioners of the Parliament, who had the King in charge. In those days Royalty seems to have been much more accessible than could reasonably be the case now, so that it could hardly have been a matter for surprise when, standing aside on the greensward among interested spectators, was seen one wearing the Parliament's uniform, and named Joyce. Who was Joyce? According to the strange visitor's own confession, he was a cornet in

Colonel Whaley's regiment, whose object it was to speak with the King. Carlyle thinks that this cornet was 'evidently a very handy, active man'; according to Jesse he was 'the son of a tailor, and perhaps the most impudent ruffian on record'; but Mr. Picton rather favours the notion that the young soldier's 'happy idea' was inspired by Cromwell himself, because 'the transaction has an air of might well worthy of him.' When it transpired on the day following that the cornet demanded an audience of the King there was some derisive mirth; but being of stern mettle, Joyce remarked that the business was not a laughing matter, his determined bearing and the cavalry pistol he carried seeming to give some emphasis to his words. News had come to hand of the approach of a large body of horse, and towards midnight these gained admittance to Holdenby, when the cornet was practically master of the house.

On the following morning, after a night of some excitement, the King learns that the mission of Cornet Joyce is to carry his Majesty to the army. By what authority? it is asked. By the authority of the army, the object being to check those 'who seek to involve the nation a second time in blood.' To Charles this was no legal authority; but

when Joyce added, 'There is my authority,' and pointed to his troop of horse, the King smiled and yielded. 'I never before read such a commission,' he said; 'but it is written in characters fair and legible enough; a company of as handsome, proper gentlemen as I have seen a long while.' The King made a sort of patriotic appeal to the troopers that they should use him well, to which they responded by acclamation. The coach containing the royal captive, with its attending cavalcade, then proceeded to Hinchinbrook House, and thence to Childersley, near Cambridge. The King was moved from place to place until he was lodged at Hampton Court.

It has been thought that Charles liked this change of masters, from the Parliament to the army. He believed that Fairfax and the chief officers were his friends, and that they would be glad to see him restored. This may probably have been the case; and while Cromwell was on friendly terms with the King he would surely have hailed a Restoration, and proper restrictions on the royal prerogative been ensured, so that the liberties of the nation could have been guaranteed. It was the fashion for generations to represent Cromwell as an unprincipled adventurer, who was working and scheming for his own ad-

vantage. According to the representations of these false witnesses, he planned the exploit of Cornet Joyce for selfish purposes. One of the more than doubtful anecdotes of Echard's now forgotten History makes him say: 'Now I have the King in my hands, I have the Parliament in my pocket.' Very many accounts by prejudiced witnesses, relating to the man and his work, have to be left entirely out of the reckoning. Carlyle represents the political world of England during the summer of 1647 to have been 'a devouring chaos.' How did the Lieutenant-General get through it all with honour? 'By meaning one thing before God, and meaning the same thing before men, not as a weak, but as a strong man does. By conscientious resolution; by sagacity, and silent wariness and promptitude; by religious valour and veracity.' It will suit our purpose better to listen to Carlyle, and to heed Cromwell's own letters, than to be carried away by the baseless assertions of too many who wrote after the Restoration.

After leaving Holdenby, Newmarket and Hatfield being among the places occupied, Charles arrives at Hampton Court in August. Then, as Carlyle remarks: 'The Cromwell family as we laboriously guess and gather, has about this time returned to London.' Refer-

ence is also made to Richard Cromwell as 'an idle fellow,' who 'now wishes to retire to Arcadian felicity and wedded life in the country.' He married the daughter of Richard Mayor, of Hursley, Hampshire.

The daily habits of Charles are to some extent described by his faithful attendant, Herbert. His chaste and temperate life contributed greatly to his good health. At dinner or supper he drank twice only, 'once of beer, and once of wine and water mixed, only after fish, a glass of French wine; the beverage he himself mixed at the cupboard, as he would have it; he very seldom ate or drank before dinner, nor between meals.' At Newmarket he enjoyed some extra liberty; he might ride or drive on the heath; he dined in a chamber thronged with spectators drawn from the neighbouring gentry; he was cheered by the common people; and according to Sir Philip Meadows, his countenance was more cheerful than that of any one else in the town. Still, the change to Hampton Court was in all respects agreeable for the time being. The Court seems to have shown more of its old-time splendour, and to have been attended by a crowd of the nobility; the Anglican chaplains were allowed to officiate in the chapel, and military officers were respectful. The King

dined, as elsewhere, in a ceremonious manner; and 'after dinner he retires to his chamber; then he walks in the park or plays at tennis.' Even Cromwell is said to have been one of the frequent visitors, and to have been admitted to long conferences.

But while the King was tempted to enjoy the fine palace and charming surroundings of Hampton Court, the news in regard to his personal safety became more disquieting as the eventful summer of 1647 advanced. The so-called Levellers in the army, whose opinions were fast spreading, held very uncompromising notions concerning the duty of those in power to bring even the King to trial and to punish him according to his deeds. The King became thoroughly alarmed, and began to plan that flight from the palace which merely resulted in his finding another prison in the Isle of Wight. 'He saw that the violence of the Levellers daily increased,' remarks Lingard, 'that the officers who professed to be his friends were become objects of suspicion; that Ireton had been driven from the Council, and Cromwell threatened with impeachment; that several regiments were in a state of complete insubordination; and that Fairfax himself doubted of his power to restore the discipline of the army.' We may dismiss with contempt

the absurd lying representations that Cromwell fermented dissatisfaction in the army for his own sinister purposes. One thing that we find he did was to attend with other army officers an all-day prayer meeting at Windsor Castle, when he gave an address on the duty of self-examination.

Events were now hastening on towards the climax of the King's trial and death at a rapid rate, but no attempt to chronicle the commonplaces of history need be made in this place. The country, as we seem to see it during the summer of 1648, was rekindling into the flame of a second civil war. The invading Scottish army knew that they had the sympathy of Presbyterian London in their aim to impose the Covenant and restore the King. Kent in a flame of insurrection; fighting in the streets of Maidstone; a rising in Wales; the three days' battle of Preston; the siege of Colchester, &c., were the most tragic affairs of the second civil war. While Cromwell is still in Scotland or on his return to the south, we have to think of the fruitless conference with the King at Newport, and of the revolutionary action of Colonel Pride in arresting such members of Parliament as gave votes distasteful to the army in relation to 'an accommodation' with Charles. There

was no possibility of coming to an agreement with a man who would not have kept his promises. Cromwell's change of attitude towards the King has been set down to treachery and ambition; but, as Mr. Picton remarks, Cromwell 'changed because he found he might as well try to build a tower on a quicksand as to find any foundation for a lasting agreement in the weakness and faithlessness of the King.' The Lieutenant-General signed the death-warrant of Charles, and till the last his conscience never accused him of wrong-doing in regard to that dread act. It was the power of the army which brought Charles Stuart to judgment and to death. The King fell a victim to his own incurable duplicity or double-dealing.

A word may be added concerning Sir Thomas Herbert—1606–1682—appointed by the Parliament, in 1646, attendant on the King in his captivity. He received a University education both at Oxford and Cambridge; he travelled somewhat extensively in foreign countries, and found a patron in the Earl of Pembroke. At the outbreak of civil war he sided with the Parliament; but through association with Charles through the last months of his life, Herbert became a Royalist, being made a baronet at the Restoration.

Herbert wrote several works, but is perhaps now best remembered by his *Threnodia Carolina*, relating to the last two years of Charles's life. The account of the final hours of the misguided monarch and last tragic scene is peculiarly affecting. On the last night of the King's life Herbert, being 'full of anguish and grief . . . took little rest.' In his troubled sleep he dreamed that the already beheaded Archbishop Laud knocked at the chamber door.—'He made his obeisance to your Majesty in the middle of the room, doing the like also when he came near your person; and, falling on his knees, your Majesty gave him your hand to kiss, and took him aside to the window, where some discourse passed between your Majesty and him, and I kept a becoming distance, not hearing anything that was said, yet could perceive your Majesty pensive by your looks, and that the Archbishop gave a sigh.' The King remarked that Laud was dead; but that had they conferred together in life something might have been said which might 'have occasioned his sigh.'

The King loved Herbert as greatly as he disliked Cornet Joyce, and he would have had that interesting adventurer tried by court-martial after his exploit at Holdenby. After the Restoration, when England sank to the

lowest point of degradation, when King and Parliament were willing even to become pensioners of France, and when judicial murders were wrought in the name of justice, the cornet proved too nimble for his persecutors. He was living at Rotterdam in 1670; a ship was sent thither to bring him to England for 'condign punishment,' but the Dutch understood liberty in a different sense. Sir William Temple was then Ambassador in Holland, and, as appears in his memoirs, he tried to get an order for Joyce's arrest, but the authorities would not hear of the liberties of their good town being infringed. The ex-cornet might be 'a kind of mad extravagant fellow,' but he had long resided among them, and 'he could be guilty of nothing against his Majesty, unless it were of words, which people were very free of in their country.' As coming from the country of William the Silent, that was a patriotic answer to a King and his flatterers under whom the prestige of England had gone down, and who preferred their own personal low self-indulgence to national honour and the prosperity of the people.

CHAPTER VII

SOME BEREAVEMENTS OF WAR

THE bereavements caused by the civil wars were terrible beyond the power of any one to realise whose lot has been cast in the England of the present comparatively peaceful reign, when strife amounting to actual conflict has been unknown within the limits of the British Isles. A number of the family losses on either side would seem to have been peculiarly affecting; and knowing that human nature is the same in every age, we well know that the sorrow must have been very lasting. Such prominent examples as Falkland on the one side and of Hampden on the other, show that men of very estimable character were ranged against one another in opposite camps, conscience, and not mere interest, prompting their action. To us who look back on the sanguinary scene through the vista of two centuries and a half, the chief actors or the leaders may seem to be the principal sufferers;

but in point of fact, these cases represent only a small part of the suffering which afflicted the country during those terrible times. Beyond these well-known cases, we seem to see a great multitude of those whose names have not come down to us, the rank-and-file of both armies who fell on the field of battle. This means nothing less than thousands of desolated homes throughout the country. The house of Cromwell itself was sorely afflicted by a favourite son perishing in the flower of his youth on the field of battle.

The civil wars were an outcome of the policy instituted by James I. Apart from the royal house, however, one of the first to bring in abuses which sowed the seeds of the strife, and to have public opinion, even when it became ominous in its menaces, was George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham. The life and death of this man make up a most singular historical phenomenon. Though his family were not plebeian, as may have been represented, he seems to have been of an inordinate ambition, which was stimulated by his education. Insolent or presumptuous to the degree of being brazen-faced, he thought nothing too good for him, and made two kings successively come round to the same way of thinking. What men of the mettle of Buckingham mis-

take for bravery is mere foolhardiness. He came to be hated by aristocracy and common people alike; so that the death-blow by the knife which Felton bought for tenpence at Tower Hill was really an outcome of the popular hatred which in some way or other is sure to run down its victim. The fate of Buckingham was the harbinger of still worse things to come; but despised as his memory was, the assassin's stroke must have brought anguish to many hearts at home. He fell as a victim of the policy which provoked the civil strife of twelve years later.

Robert Bertie, first Earl of Lindsey, the country seat of the family being at Uffington, in Lincolnshire, fell at Edgehill. Born in 1582, he was just about sixty years of age when he fell at the opening of the war, and died of a shot in the thigh, which would evidently not have proved mortal if there had been proper surgical treatment in time. Lord Lindsey was well educated, he had travelled much, and from early youth he had shown a strong passion for military service. With the Earl of Essex at sea, and in the Low Countries he also met with some stirring adventures in war. He settled down to a country life, with a wife he really loved, during the reign of James; and during the

earlier years of Charles I. he received many honours.

When the shadow of civil strife spread over the country, Charles's choice fell on Lindsey for his chief general, and the earl was present in Nottingham market-place when the royal standard of war was raised. It was very characteristic of the Stuarts' fatal management of affairs at a critical time when it was found that Rupert, as commander of the horse, had been authorised to receive no orders from any officer save the King. This supposed favour was granted at Rupert's particular request; and by taking this foolish advantage of his family relationship to Charles, the adventurous nephew showed that his character was marred by the hereditary family failing. Under Lindsey, even Rupert might have been turned to some account by having his natural impetuosity restrained; but under his own command the rover from the Rhine would miss opportunities, or even in the moment of supposed victory would serve the cause of his opponents.

Clarendon depicts Lindsey as 'a man of very noble extraction'; and although 'he indulged to himself great liberties of life,' he nevertheless 'preserved a very good reputation with all men.' The contemporary historian

adds: 'He was of a very generous nature, and punctual in what he undertook, and in exacting what was due to him, which made him bear that restriction so heavily which was put upon him by the commission granted to Prince Rupert; and by the King's preferring the Prince's opinion in all matters relating to the war before his; nor did he conceal his resentment: the day before the battle he said to some friends, with whom he used freedom, that he did not look upon himself as general; and therefore he was resolved, when the day of battle should come, that he would be in the head of his regiment as a private colonel, where he would die.'

The news that Lord Lindsey was wounded seems to have caused sorrow on both sides. In the middle of the night, the Earl of Essex, as Parliamentary general, sent several officers to the mean cottage where Lindsey lay in his blood 'upon a little straw,' the object being to express sympathy and 'to offer all offices.' In return, the dying soldier severely reprimanded his visitors on account of their being found on the side of the Parliament, 'with so much vehemence, that the officers by degrees withdrew themselves.' A message was even sent to Essex that 'he ought to cast himself at the King's feet to beg his pardon.' This effectively

prevented Essex from going to see his fallen friend, and shows that there were far-gone enthusiasts in the Royalist camp who could see no flaw in the character of the King, who was to his opponents, the Hutchinsons, one of the 'bitterest persecutors of the Church,' an unprincipled 'encroacher upon the civil and spiritual liberties of his people.'

Still, after taking all things into account, the news of the death of Lord Lindsey must have caused sorrow at Uffingham as poignant as that which was felt when Hampden was mortally wounded on Chalgrove Field. Lindsey was taken to Warwick Castle, and died there before he could be accommodated with a bed.

In those days one tragedy seemed to follow another in a startling and unexpected manner. The second Lord Brooke, the owner of Warwick Castle, whose charitable heart would have rejoiced if his hospitable welcome could have contributed in any degree to the comfort or recovery of his opponent in the field, was a distinguished officer on the side of the Parliament who soon after laid down his life for the popular cause. He was the adopted heir of his cousin, the first Lord Brooke, who never married, but who lived to find favour with three sovereigns—Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I. He was, besides, the patron of

literature and of learning, while he was the particular friend, and afterwards the biographer, of Sir Philip Sidney. Brooke Street, Holborn, still sought out by antiquaries as the scene of young Chatterton's tragic death, continues to remind us that it was there that the Brooke family had their town mansion. There, also, the first lord was murdered by a manservant named Ralph Heywood, in 1628, or just about the same time that Buckingham fell by the knife of Felton. Heywood rushed into another room, where he ended his life with the same weapon with which he had mortally wounded his master, who lingered a few days.

Robert Greville, who now succeeded to the title and estates, was a handsome, accomplished, and conscientious man, whose sympathies with Puritanism and the popular cause caused him strongly to discountenance the illegal encroachments of the King. Born early in the reign of James I., he had just come of age when his kinsman perished in his 74th year.

Thus early, young Lord Brooke found a friend in William Fiennes, Viscount Say and Sele, who also favoured the Puritans, and as an enlightened patriot and a future comrade of Cromwell, resented the despotic tendencies of the King. Nathaniel Fiennes, second son of the viscount, was nearly of the same age as

Lord Brooke, and destined to become an officer in the Parliament's army which defended Bristol against Rupert; he also became a prominent man among the Independents.

While these men were of that mettle which made them refuse to bend to a tyranny which was exalting the royal prerogative above the laws, they had much of heroism and of enterprise in their nature. Thus, when the outlook was at its darkest at home, these men of social station and large estate thought seriously of following the Pilgrim Fathers to New England, where a broad tract of land was purchased by Lord Warwick and called Saybrooke, after both families. Before all of their arrangements could be completed, however, the King's infatuation was hastening on the inevitable crisis of civil war. Rather than barter away their liberty for the bribe of courtly favour, they were ready to brave the discomforts of the virgin forest; but when the storm-cloud of civil war seemed to be gathering, their patriotism bade them stay at home. If they hesitated from time to time, the outbreak caused by the attempt to force an alien Church upon the Scottish nation at once decided them in regard to their duty. Their outspoken refusal to sign a Declaration of loyalty, obedience, and, of course, 'abhorrence'

of any action or proceeding which seemed to call in question the royal prerogative, and thus to check the King in the illegal inroads on the Constitution of the country, was even startlingly decisive. Clarendon speaks of Viscount Say and his younger friend as 'two popular men, and most undevoted to the Church, and in truth to the whole Government,' that is, to government as carried on by Charles I. and such willing *aides-de-camp* as Strafford and Laud. What did they say when, at York, and on his road to Scotland, the King asked them without misgiving to sign the modest Declaration referred to? 'They said if the King suspected their loyalty, he might proceed against them as he thought fit, but that it was against the law to impose any oaths or protestations upon them which were not enjoined by the law; and in that respect, that they might not betray the common liberty, they would not submit to it.' One can readily understand how, from Clarendon's standpoint, this kind of talk was not only uncourtly, 'it administered matter of new dispute in a very unreasonable time.' The 'new dispute,' however, arose because a king who had undertaken on oath to preserve the constitution was setting aside the old laws.

Viscount Say and Lord Brooke were prac-

tically Nonconformists from the Established Church; and the latter, as a leader of the popular party in the Parliament, won both confidence and admiration, while he very stoutly denounced those who had led the King astray. His death, at an early stage of the civil war, when he was midway between thirty and forty years of age, was sincerely lamented as a severe loss to the popular cause.

In the account he gives of this tragic event Clarendon shows that he was not only a partizan historian, but was somewhat given to superstition as well. Lord Brooke was chief in command of the Parliament's forces in his own district of Warwick. Although Lichfield was not fortified, the Close being 'a place naturally strong, and defended with a moat, and a very high and thick wall,' had been occupied by certain local gentry on behalf of the King. 'To suppress this growing force,' as the historian tells us, 'within the limits of his association, the Lord Brooke advanced with a formed body of horse, foot, and cannon, part drawn from the Earl of Essex's army, and the rest out of the garrisons of Coventry and Warwick, and without any resistance entered the city of Lichfield. . . . He was so far from apprehending any danger from the

besieged that himself lodged in a house within musquet-shot of the Close, where the very day he meant to assault it, sitting in his chamber, and the window open, he was from the wall of the Close by a common soldier shot with a musquet in the eye, of which he instantly died without speaking a word.'

We need not wonder that in a credulous age, the time, place, and manner of Lord Brooke's death, occasioned 'many discourses and observations.' Thus, the disaster happened on March 2nd—St. Chad's day; and having a church in the cathedral town dedicated to St. Chad, the saint would naturally be on the side of the Royalists. Whether Clarendon was really superstitious enough to think that St. Chad had had aught to do in directing the fatal shot may be an open question, but his account might well favour that notion. In the death of Lord Brooke the popular cause lost an able and good man, and one who could be ill spared at a critical time in the national troubles.

One of the stoutest opponents of Lord Brooke, and who also at an early stage of the civil troubles also met with a tragic death, was Spencer Compton, second Earl of Northampton. His father, the first earl, obtained the title in 1613 from James I., having in-

herited considerable wealth from his wife, who was a daughter of Sir John Spencer, a rich Lord Mayor of London. Spencer Compton, thus named after his mother, was born in 1601; and among the romantic adventures of his early life was his journey to Madrid in company with Charles, Prince of Wales, and Buckingham.

He seems to have preferred home life to that of the Court; but in regard to his character, we have to pay more attention to action and sympathies than to the high-flown eulogies of admirers. He had some reputation for scholarship, and strongly sympathised with the Royal cause at the outset of the civil troubles. When the King made war on his Scottish subjects, in order to impose illegal burdens upon them, Compton accompanied him with a large company of armed followers; and his extreme readiness to sign the Declaration of loyalty, obedience, and abhorrence of the Scots' resistance to galling tyranny was a marked contrast to the more constitutional stand of Viscount Say and Lord Brooke. There was no doubt about his whole-hearted support of the Royal cause, but he seems to have been of a fiery spirit, impatient at contradiction or opposition, which led him to assume a haughty or insulting air to

those on the popular side. His arrogant bearing towards the Parliament might have led to his impeachment had it not been that events were moving too fast for such things as this to have attention.

He was present at the battle of Edgehill; and in the Warwick district, for the time being, he found his match in Lord Brooke. When the Royalists took Banbury the Earl of Northampton had charge of the garrison, while in Staffordshire and Northamptonshire he actively championed the King's cause during its most promising days. He appears to have been victor in several small battles, and to have succeeded in capturing a number of Brooke's cannon. The end came on Sunday, March 19, 1643, at Hopton Heath, near Stafford. Northampton marched from the latter town, and soon found that he was opposed by a superior force. His cavalry charged furiously and successfully, but when the infantry had to be dealt with, the earl's horse was killed, and on getting up from his fall, he killed an officer who would have taken him while sparing his life. This enraged others on the field, and when the captured nobleman added, that 'he scorned to take quarter from such base rogues and rebels as they were,' he was attacked by those who

recognised him as one who had wantonly killed a valued officer. One knocked off his helmet with the butt end of a musket, and wounds on the head from the swords caused his immediate death. The ardent Parliamentary officer, Sir John Gell, was chief in command against Lord Northampton on that day, and by him the earl's body was carried to Derby and buried in All Hallows Church. 'The Earl of Northampton was a person of great courage, honour, and fidelity, and not well known till his evening,' says Clarendon, who adds: 'All distresses he bore like a common man, and all wants and hardnesses as if he had never known plenty or ease; most prodigal of his person to danger, and would often say that if he outlived these wars he was certain never to have so noble a death.'

The earl had six sons, five of whom served on the side of the King in the wars; but the younger son, Henry, practically yielded in time to the main principles which moved the Puritans during the civil troubles. In 1674 he was created Bishop of Oxford, soon after being promoted to London. He was as stout a friend to Nonconformists as he was an enemy of Rome. After being persecuted by James II. he favoured the cause of the Revolution, as an ardent friend of the Prince of

Orange. He went through the ceremony of the coronation of William and Mary after Archbishop Sancroft had declined to officiate. Thus time brought compensation to the cause of Freedom; for if Spencer Compton too loyally served a king who pressed his prerogative as a right until his action became treason to the State, his sixth and youngest son stood firm for Protestantism and the popular cause, and became the most prominent bishop of the Revolution.

Another who fell on the Royal side in that same fatal year of 1643 was Robert Dormer, a man who stood high in favour with Charles, who created him Earl of Caernarvon. He studied at the University of Oxford, and when he set out on his travels he went further afield than was usual at that time, by advancing into Turkey. Though addicted to the sports of the field, he still set his face in so determined a manner against excessive drinking, that he is said to have 'hated drunkenness perfectly.' He was quite as ardent in the King's cause as the most far-gone enthusiasts, so that when Charles raised his standard at Nottingham, Caernarvon joined him with two thousand followers, all equipped at his own charge. Indeed, he was so active and obnoxious to the Parliament, that had he been

captured he might have been arraigned for high treason, as his name was excepted from the list of those who might hope for pardon.

He is spoken of as being the 'darling of the army'; but when serving with Rupert, the earl seems to have shown failings similar to those of that prince, by being too impetuous in following up supposed advantages until the apparent gain was turned into actual defeat. This was seen on several occasions during his very brief time of service.

It is well known what an acute crisis of the war came on during the earlier days of the wet and windy September of 1643, and which came to a head in the first battle of Newbury, on the twentieth day of the month. The intense excitement in London during August actually led to the business of the capital being suspended for the time being. All eyes were turned towards Gloucester, and until that threatened city could be relieved men were too deeply moved to go on with their usual traffic in shop or market. In the fewest words Carlyle enables us to realise the situation: 'Gloucester is in hot siege; nothing but the obdurate valour of a few men there prevents the King, with Prince Rupert, also called Prince Robert and Prince *Robber*, from riding roughshod over us.' The westward march of

Essex causes the King to make the fatal error of raising the siege of Gloucester; and Lord Caernarvon was killed by a trooper who knew him at the battle of Newbury, after the earl had successfully charged a division of the Parliamentary cavalry. As a soldier and as a private citizen Clarendon gives Robert Dormer a high character. 'If he had lived,' says the Royalist historian, speaking of the earl as a military man, 'he would have proved a great ornament to that profession, and an excellent soldier; and by his death the King found a sensible weakness in his army.'

Among those who fell in early life in what Clarendon might well call a barbarous war, was William Villiers, Viscount Grandison, who was mortally wounded at the siege of Bristol, and died at Oxford in his thirtieth year. The extended favours which the misguided King heaped upon this family naturally made them ardently volunteer in his cause when the war broke out. Three brothers of the viscount were in the field besides himself, one of whom appears to have been a lad who was not really old enough for service. In the Netherlands and in Ireland, William Villiers had seen something of military service. One of the most disastrous losses the King sustained at the outset of the war was the capture at

Winchester of three hundred horse and two hundred dragoons, which Villiers commanded. The particulars of his after life, and of his being shot at Bristol, are meagre if not contradictory. When he heard of his death, Charles remarked, 'I have lost an honest-resolved man.' If the eulogy of Clarendon is in any wise the unvarnished truth, this William Villiers must have been one of the best men of his house, *e.g.*: 'He was a young man of so virtuous a habit of mind that no temptation or provocation could corrupt him; so great a lover of justice and integrity, that no example, necessity, or even the barbarity of this war could make him swerve from the most precise rules of it; and of that rare piety and devotion that the court or camp could not show a more faultless person, or to whose example young men might more reasonably conform themselves.'

The sad fate of the more elderly William Fielding, first Earl of Denbigh, might well supply material for a romance. As brother-in-law of the murdered Duke of Buckingham, Fielding rose rapidly in royal favour and had many benefits conferred upon him. When Buckingham was Lord High Admiral of England, his favoured relative acted under him on the seas, neither one nor the other

being able very greatly to distinguish himself. When the war broke out Fielding, as a matter of course, volunteered to fight for the King's cause, and served in the cavalry under Rupert. When the latter besieged and took Birmingham, a town which from the first distinguished itself by standing out in defence of the popular rights against the Royalists, Fielding met his fate. From the contemporary historian's account, we take it for granted that he paid the penalty of making the oft-repeated mistake in war which had probably been learned of Rupert himself. Thus as we are told: 'In the entrance of the town, and in the too eager pursuit of that loose troop of horse that was in it, the Earl of Denbigh . . . was unfortunately wounded with many hurts on the head and body with swords and pole-axes, of which, within two or three days, he died.'

The accidents or anomalies of the civil war took many curious turns which showed in what sense unvarnished historical truth may contain more of what we call romance than the mere inventions of fiction. Thus, Basil, the second Earl of Denbigh, and son of Rupert's veteran officer, and whose mother was a Villiers, as well as sister to the Duke of Buckingham, the prime favourite of two kings successively, was of opposite politics to his father. Basil

espoused the cause of the Parliament, he fought on the popular side, so that he and his father have been known to represent conflicting interests on the same field.

In some respects we have a still more interesting character in Henry Spencer, first Earl of Sunderland, who at the age of twenty-three was killed at the battle of Newbury, September 20, 1643. His portrait shows him to have been of a most pleasing appearance. His education was well attended to by his father, the second Lord Spencer. A contemporary writer tells us of one of young Henry Spencer's tutors, a scholar 'hooked with age,' but who, nevertheless, 'straitened the manners of his youth, arming him against those customs that are not knocked but screwed into the soul,' the general result of such education being 'a knowing and staid nature, that made him a lamb when pleased, a lion when angry.' At the age of nineteen, a few months before the ominous assembling of the Long Parliament, young Spencer was married to Dorothy, second daughter of Robert, Earl of Leicester, a beautiful girl of his own age, who eventually became a heroine of the poet Waller, who sought to immortalise her as *Saccharissa*. This lady was one of the beauties of her time, as may be seen from her portrait by Vandyke,

while she was a sister of Algernon Sidney, so that something about her may be seen in the Sidney Papers, as well as in the poems and letters of Waller. Her own letters are very characteristic of the ruling notions and fashions of the times.

When the civil troubles came on, the two families of Sidney and Spencer soon became a house divided against itself. At first the young Lord Sunderland so far leaned towards the popular side as to be nominated Lord Lieutenant of his native county by the Parliament; but his desire to settle the national dispute by compromise led to his going over to the King's side. He does not appear to have been a very ardent volunteer, although in one of his letters to his wife, whom he commonly calls 'My dearest Hart,' he says, 'I had rather be hanged' than 'fight on the Parliament side.'

Having come to that resolution, the young earl somewhat distinguished himself at Edgehill; and at one time we find him with Rupert at Bristol, and at another time with the King at the siege of Gloucester. The letters he sent home are so far valuable as showing the opposite interests which strove for mastery in the Royalists' camp, and which must have greatly weakened the King's cause. He would have

been glad could he have retired to the society of his beloved Dorothy. A sense of honour alone obliged him to remain. 'If there could be an expedient found to salve the punctilio of honour, I would not continue an hower,' he says; then adding, 'The discontent that I and many other honest men receive dayly is beyond expression.' Two persons, whose names cannot now be recognised in the cipher, are mentioned as being opposed to peace; but 'nevertheless the honest men will take all occasions to procure an accommodation,' which the King, it was believed, 'did heartily desire.' The picture is that of an unhappy king who, after acting the part of one who was above the law, now finds his hopes of a settlement baffled by the officers indicated, and by 'the Papists' threats,' which he sorely dreaded on account of the pettifogging tactics of his Roman Catholic queen. An extract from one of Sunderland's letters to his wife, sent from Gloucester less than a month before he fell, will show how sanguine the Royalists were of securing a prize which was not destined to come within their grasp:—

'Our gallery will be finished within this day or two, and then we shall soon dispatch our mine, and them with it. Many of the soldiers are confident that we shall have the

town within three or four days, which I extremely long for; not that I am weary of this siege, for really, though we suffer many inconveniences, yet I am not ill-pleased with this variety, so directly opposite as the being in the trenches, with so much good company, together with the noise and tintamarre of guns and drums, with the horrid spectacles and hideous cries of dead and hurt men, in the solitariness of my quarter, together with all the marks of peace, which often bring into my thoughts, notwithstanding your mother's opinion of me, how much more happy I should esteem myself quietly to enjoy your company at Althorp than to be troubled with the noises and engaged in the factions of the Court, which I shall ever endeavour to avoid.'

A still more pathetic letter was the last he ever wrote to his 'Dearest Hart,' and dated from Oxford only four days before the young earl's earthly course was ended by a cannon-shot on the fatal field of Newbury. 'I cannot by walking about my chamber, call anything more to mynde to sett doune here,' he says. 'And really, I have made you no small complement in writinge this muche, for I have so great a colde that I do nothing but sneeze, and my eies do nothing but water, all the

while I am in the posture of holding down my head.'

Contemporary writers give this young nobleman an excellent character. From our standpoint, he threw his life away in a hopeless cause, in which his half-hearted allegiance moved him to advocate a compromise. In this respect, he was a contrast to his brother-in-law, Algernon Sidney, who, just about the time of Sunderland's death, espoused the popular side, and as Governor of Dover, became as distinguished in his way as Hutchinson at Nottingham. How, forty years later, Sidney became a fellow-martyr with Lord William Russell, in the days preceding the Revolution which drove the reigning son of Charles I. out of the country, is a matter of history. It also fell out that in 1695, the second Lord Sunderland, a son of the fallen hero of Newbury, entertained William III. at Althorpe, as King of the Revolution.

There are some others who fought with great heroism whose lives were forfeited, although they did not fall in war. As these were generally in the flower of their manhood, their households were bereaved in a way which went far to prove that civil war is one of the most dreadful evils by which a nation can be visited.

About five weeks after the King had paid the penalty of his life, three of his adherents among the Scottish and English nobility—Hamilton, Capel, and Holland—also met their fate in Palace Yard.

James, first Duke of Hamilton, as general of the Scottish army which invaded England to meet with its final defeat at the battle of Preston, was charged with high treason for making war on the Parliament. Born in 1606, he appears to have been attached to Charles even from childhood. Educated at Oxford, he retired to his father's house in Scotland, but returned to London in 1628, at the special request of Charles I., when he became a member of the Privy Council. So high was he in royal favour, that courtiers became jealous at what looked like a prospect of his succeeding to the place of Buckingham. With a small force of his own raising, he served under Gustavus Adolphus to further the Protestant cause on the Continent, but returned in time to be mixed up with the troubles which the King brought down upon his head by trying to enforce Episcopacy on Scotland. Through the plottings of enemies, Hamilton was imprisoned in Cornwall during the first civil war, but came at large again in time to raise that great Scottish army which,

if it had been skilfully commanded, and acting in unison with the Presbyterian party and the Royalists in England, might have been expected to have actually reinstated the King. After his overthrow at Preston Hamilton became a prisoner, and at Windsor, in December, 1648, he met Charles for the last time. He was frequently visited by Cromwell during his confinement. His trial in the Revolutionary tribunal, the High Court of Justice, resulted in his being condemned to death, and he suffered on March 9, 1648 O.S. 'His death was little regretted, for he had been the constant object of envy in the English Court and State, and of doubt and jealousy in his own country,' says Edmund Lodge, a witness whose loyalty to Charles I. is extreme, and who adds: 'The true nature of his public services was correctly known only by the King and himself, and a discovery of it would probably have exposed him to the bitterest hatred. Flattering, dividing, balancing, and betraying factions, it may perhaps be no injustice to his memory to consider him as an over-zealous partisan, who not unfrequently sacrificed the exactness of honour and truth to personal affection and profound loyalty.'

One of Hamilton's fellow-sufferers, and one who had been concerned in the obstinate

defence of Colchester when besieged by the Parliament's army, was Arthur, Lord Capel, who volunteered under the Royalist flag at the age of twenty-five. In his place in Parliament in 1640 Capel took the popular side in no compromising manner, and even voted for Strafford's attainder. He passed over to the King's side during the year following, he took an active part in the first civil war, and when Charles was at Hampton Court Capel was one of his visitors. It was there, on a certain day, as Clarendon tells us, that the King remarked, 'that he really did believe that it would not be long before there would be a war between the two nations, in which the Scots promised themselves an universal concurrence from all the Presbyterians in England, and that in such a conjuncture he wished that his own party would put themselves in arms, without which he could not expect great benefit by the success of the other; and therefore desired Capel to watch such a conjuncture and draw his friends together, which he promised to do effectually.'

It is affecting to find that when Capel was condemned to death, his wife, who must still have been quite a young woman, vainly petitioned for his life. Cromwell saw many good points in his character; but looking at him as

a public man, the Lieutenant-General assured the Parliament that in letting off Lord Capel 'they would preserve the most bitter and implacable enemy they had.' Thus terrible at times was the conscientious sense of justice shown by these old seventeenth-century Puritans. Wearing 'a sad-coloured suit, his hat cocked up, and his cloak thrown under one arm,' Lord Capel, according to Bulstrode, went on the scaffold 'much after the manner of a stout Roman.' He seemed to have no fear of death, 'but carried himself . . . with that boldness and resolution as was to be admired.' Who, however, shall measure the anguish which reigned at Hadham when the husband, the father, the open-handed master and friend of the poor, thus perished miserably in the flower of his days?

The adventures of Henry Rich, first Earl of Holland, seem to have been unique—a disagreeable proof, if that were needed, that in dangerous times it is not desirable to make the attempt to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. In his time Holland was a favourite with the murdered Buckingham. He sided with the popular cause in the early days of the Long Parliament; he soon after went over to the Royalists, but again seceded to the Parliament. In the end, however, he

once more espoused the King's cause. He fomented a rising in Surrey in July, 1648, which is thus referred to by Carlyle: 'Young Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, son of the assassinated Duke; he, with his brother Francis, and others who will pay dear for it, started up about Kingston-on-Thames with another open insurrectionary armament; guided chiefly by Dutch Dolbier, once Cromwell's instructor, but now gone over to the other side.' Francis Villiers was killed, while his brother might as well have died there 'for any good he afterwards did.' They were 'two pretty youths,' as their Vandyke portraits in Hampton Court still testify; one of whom lived to become much uglier!' Holland was beheaded with Hamilton and Capel on the fatal 9th of March.

Reference might be made to others whose lives were forfeited after the final utter collapse of the King's cause at the battle of Preston, *e.g.*, 'Drunken Poyer,' the obstinate defender of Pembroke Castle and George Gordon, Marquess of Huntley; James Graham, Marquess of Montrose, &c. The above examples and a bare mention of the last must suffice, however.

This chapter may be concluded with a striking reference to the great battle of Preston which occurs in Cromwell's letter to

Oliver St. John, solicitor-general, a few days after the victory:—

'I am informed from good hands that a poor, godly man died in Preston the day before the fight; and being sick, near the hour of his death, he desired the woman that cooked to him, To fetch him a handful of Grass. She did so; and when he received it, he asked Whether it would wither or not, now it was cut? The woman said "Yea." He replied, "So shall this Army of Scots do, and come to nothing, as soon as ours did but appear," or words to this effect; and so immediately died!'

Good likenesses of many who have been named in this chapter may be seen in Lodge's *Portraits of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain.*

CHAPTER VIII

COLONEL AND MRS. HUTCHINSON AT NOTTINGHAM CASTLE

IT was intended to devote a chapter to 'Cromwell in Ireland,' but a few brief references to that unhappy subject, before proceeding with the main story of the present section, must suffice for our purpose.

An imposing fleet carrying the Lieutenant-General and his army, left Milford Haven in the middle of August, 1649; and the campaign which followed in the sister country has often been represented as being the main blot on Cromwell's fame. Revolution or disorder in Ireland has generally come as the natural consequence of English greed and gross misgovernment, and the terrible outbreak of 1640 may not be put down as being any exception to this rule. At the same time, we have to take things as we find them, and to remember

that the horror and indignation awakened in England by news of the crimes of the insurgents has been paralleled in modern times by the atrocities of the Indian Mutiny and by that alone. The two outbreaks were in some respects similar, and so also was the retribution of both risings. Paxton Hood characterises the outbreak as 'the Hibernian St. Bartholomew,' when the one aim was to extirpate the English. M. Gruzot says that on being turned out of their houses, Protestants were 'hunted down, slaughtered, and exposed to all the tortures that religious and patriotic hatred could invent.' Dr. Merle D'Aubigne gives appalling details of nameless horrors, which seem almost to exceed the worst atrocities at Cawnpore and elsewhere in India a generation ago. Hence, with Carlyle, we are to look on Cromwell during this terrible campaign as, 'an armed soldier, solemnly conscious to himself that he is a Soldier of God the Just—consciousness which it well beseems all soldiers and all men to have always;—armed Soldier, terrible as Death, relentless as Doom; doing God's Judgments on the Enemies of God! It is a Phenomenon not of joyful nature; no, but of awful, to be looked at with pious terror and awe.' It may be added that in his dispatches Cromwell shows that persons 'in

arms' alone were slain, so that concocted stories of 'massacres,' &c., have no foundation in fact.

Some years ago we were privileged to enjoy the friendship of John De Kewer Williams, part of whose early life had been passed in Ireland as a Nonconformist minister; and who in later days furnished a Cromwellian Museum, which as an historical collection was quite unique. Besides a library of books relating to the Protector and his times, there were several hundred portraits, which proved that Cromwell's likeness has been more often engraved than that of any other historical character. This collection, brought together at infinite pains and great expense, was freely offered to the nation, but was declined by the authorities. Mr. Williams had made a life-long study of Cromwell, and his final judgment, given on a public occasion in 1886, might now well be accepted both by Irish and English patriots: 'The one purpose we had in conquering Ireland was that that unhappy country might have peace, and there is abundant evidence to show that during his rule the Green Isle had greater prosperity than it ever had before, or has had since. He went to the country with the law in one hand, and with liberty, fraternity, and equality in the other,

and wherein he was a soldier, he was only so by sheer necessity.'

We will now give some attention to Colonel Hutchinson and his wife, who held Nottingham Castle for the Parliament during the exciting period of the first civil war, and did so in what was emphatically an enemy's country. This appears not only in what Mrs. Hutchinson herself says in her Memoir of the colonel; there is a letter from the Queen to Charles I., in which it is said that 'all the force that the Parliament has in those parts is only one thousand men in Nottingham.' Besides the county families, the ancestors of Byron at Newstead being also 'all passionately the King's,' the Royalist cause had the allegiance of 'all the Popish gentry.' Sir Thomas Hutchinson, father of the brothers John and George, was firmly attached to the popular cause; but was still 'infinitely desirous that the difference might rather have been composed by accommodation than ended by conquest.' Their relative, Henry Ireton, destined to act with Cromwell on several hard-fought fields, was also very decided for the Parliament. Having been trained 'in the strictest way of godliness,' Ireton was 'a very grave and solid person,' of learning and ability. These people, and all who sided with them, saw in the King

'the most obstinate person in his self-will that ever was'; a ruler who determined to be a sovereign absolute and uncontrolled, or no sovereign at all.

The outlook in Nottingham itself was not reassuring. Although 'all the devout people of the town' were on the popular side, these were hardly a fourth part of the inhabitants; while out of seven aldermen only one, named James, who was mayor in 1642, was to be relied upon. Among those whom the great families drew with them on account of self-interest were 'the ordinary civil sort of people'; and after them the easy and loose-living were 'all bitterly malignant.'

Those who were prominent townsmen at the opening of the civil war are vividly sketched by Mrs. Hutchinson. Thus we have Plumptre, 'a doctor of physic,' a man skilful in his art, who had cured George Hutchinson of a chronic ailment, but who was still 'a horrible atheist,' having an 'abusive tongue and other ill carriages.' Then came lawyer Chadwick, who got money 'by a thousand cheats.' There were others of more noble character, however, such as Colonel Thornhagh and Piggott, the first being one of the most noble and daring who fought for the Parliament, the other being 'a very religious, serious, wise gentleman.'

Then there was Master Widmerpoole, of an ancient family and of 'a good discretion,' though now poor.

As news from London continued to be more and more warlike, there was no time to lose in raising troops for the popular cause. Thornhagh became colonel of a troop of horse which his father raised; while Hutchinson also 'had a full company of very honest, godly men.' Captain Ireton was withdrawn with his troop of horse from Essex's main army until Nottingham could be 'put into a posture of defence.' The high sheriff and others, whose sympathies were with the King, did not like this activity, and would have checked it by guile. A meeting was arranged to take place at a forest village near the town in regard to a treaty between Newark and Nottingham; but Hutchinson and Lord Chaworth appear to have been the only two who attended. The latter 'called for sack, and treated Mr. Hutchinson very kindly'; but with Newcastle threatening in one direction, and with Chesterfield and his troop of horse plundering the vale of Belvoir, mere 'kindness' did not go very far. Hutchinson realised the danger of his position, and the vast importance of holding Nottingham, the town being 'a considerable pass into the north, which if the enemy had

first possessed themselves of, the Parliament would have been cut off from all intercourse between the north and south; especially in the winter-time, when the river Trent is not fordable, and only to be passed over by the bridges of Nottingham and Newark, and higher up at a place called Wilden Ferry, where the enemy also had a garrison.' Nottingham was as an oasis amid 'many potent enemies'; but though only twenty-six years of age, Hutchinson had 'an invincible courage, and a passionate zeal for the interest of God and his country;' and so entered on the task with confidence. Under cover of night a company of horse brought his wife and children into the garrison; and on Christmas Day, 1642, many preachers urged volunteers to enlist for the Parliament. The situation was critical; for within a few miles in many directions was a number of great houses fortified for the King. The situation was made more difficult by the conduct of Sir John Hotham, ex-governor of Hull, who not long before had been proclaimed a traitor by Charles for refusing the King admittance to the fortress. Hotham had now some other ideas in his mind: for his men, as well as those of Sir John Gell of Derby, 'made such a havoc and plunder of friend and foe,' as was sad to behold; and which so much

vexed Hutchinson, that he took care that the Parliament should know all about 'Hotham's carriages.' The execution of the Hothams—father and son—was afterwards one of the tragic occurrences of the first civil war. Something even more tragic was within a little of happening at another time, when an armed escort having the Queen in charge were pursued by cavalry.

At the end of June, 1643, Hutchinson was appointed governor of the castle by the town committee. We learn that Colonel Pierrepoint, son of Lord Kingston, felt 'secret discontent' at being passed by; but the position was not an enviable one, as these references by the governor's wife make only too plain:—

'The castle was not defended by lateral fortifications, and there were no works about it when Mr. Hutchinson undertook it, but only a little breastwork, before the outermost gate. It was as ill provided as fortified, there being but ten barrels of powder, eleven hundred and fifty pounds of butter, and as much cheese, eleven quarters of bread corn, seven beeves, two hundred and fourteen flitches of bacon, five hundred and sixty fishes, and fifteen hogsheads of beer. As soon as the governor received his charge, he made proclamation in the town, that whatsoever honest persons

desired to secure themselves or their goods in the castle, should have reception there, if they would repair their quarters ; which divers well affected men accepting, it was presently made capable of receiving 400 men commodiously.'

Soon after Hutchinson entered on his new office, the battalions quartered at Nottingham marched to the relief of Gainsborough, where the Royalist general, Sir Charles Cavendish, second son of the Earl of Devonshire, and a brilliant young man, was killed. Hutchinson had certain guns on the lower forts at Nottingham brought up to strengthen the castle, whereupon such murmurs were heard among 'the town malignants' that several were arrested and sent as prisoners to Derby. Dr. Plumptre, especially, 'was raging at it' to such a degree that he told the governor that his 'godly townsmen' were 'a company of puritanical, prick-eared rascals.' He then continued 'with such uncivil insolence, that the governor struck him, at which he departed quietly home,' as became a man who hardly knew which side to favour. A man like Plumptre was unable to understand the self-sacrificing patriotism of Hutchinson, who at this time was not only not receiving any pay, but was subjected to ruinous private outlay to maintain his commissariat, the £10

a week paid by Parliament being but a third part of the outlay. This was all the harder because while that part of the country was overrun by the Royalists he did not receive the £1,500 a year to which he succeeded on the death of his father. 'The enemies in the midst of whom his estates lay fetched in his tenants and imprisoned them, and took his rents,' it is said; 'his estate was begged and promised by the King; those who lived not upon the place flung up his grounds, and they lay unoccupied.' In the midst of such troubles a summons came from Lord Newcastle to surrender; but the Royalist general was not only defied, the men in the little garrison were trained in those principles of self-sacrifice and courage which were to be characteristic of Cromwell's Ironsides. He would never share in prizes of war; and even in the case of the 'malignants' goods . . . it ever grieved his heart to see the spoil of his neighbours.' He was steadfast in the cause he believed to be right, through good or evil fortune. Towards the end of the summer of 1643 the popular cause may have been looked upon by some as lost; and it was then that many who had hitherto only envied the colonel 'began to work secret mines to blow him up on all sides.'

Added to other threatening pitfalls and perplexities, had to be added family estrangements and temptations to betray sacred trusts. After the war broke out, the Byrons of Newstead and the Hutchinsons of Owthorpe seem almost to have forgotten their kinship, and to have been 'to each other the most uncivil enemies that can be imagined.' Although the Royalists did not come this time, 'according to their bravadoes,' having for the present enough to do in besieging Fairfax at Hull, Sir Richard Byron sent a trusty messenger to wean Hutchinson from his allegiance to the Parliament, 'out of love and tender compassion to him.' Byron already reckoned on Charles winning his cause, and offered to speak to the King on behalf of his cousin, so as to save his estates. In order to make this possible, however, Hutchinson would have to quit his present enterprise, even though he should enter the army of Essex. That might be regarded as the act of an 'inconsiderate young man, rashly engaged; . . . but to keep a castle against your King is a rebellion of so high a nature that there will be no colour left to ask favour for you.' In the case of a man like the governor, there was only one answer to such a message, and that was given without hesitation.

Exciting events may be expected to happen in any fortified town which is preparing for a siege. One day a woman is taken in Nottingham carrying treasonable correspondence between Colonel Pierrepont's mother, the old Countess of Kingston, and her daughter-in-law, the colonel's wife, then living at Clifton, the estate being named after Sir Gervan Clifton. Then a divine named Palmer, whose 'bold, ready, earnest way of preaching' had won for him 'a great reputation among the godly,' took a military commission, but did not make a very desirable soldier. That which must chiefly have harassed the governor was fear of treachery; and these fears were realised when one of the aldermen, being also 'a malignant,' actually let six hundred cavaliers into the town. Of their plunderings and other exploits a vivid description is given. At a time when he had only eighty fighting men within the castle, Hutchinson was able to send messengers to Derby and Leicester for assistance; and meanwhile the castle guns made it sufficiently hot for the invaders below; they were fearful of resting in bed during the five days of their stay in the town. In one instance 'an honest townsman, seeing four or five commanders go into his own house,

procured a cunning boy that came with him, while the enemy regarded more their plunder than their prisoners, to run privately up to the castle and give them notice, who presently sent a cannon-bullet into the house.' A good deal of that kind of plundering went on, which Cromwell and Hutchinson were among the first to discourage. In this instance, 'Toplady's house fared the worst,' and the alderman himself, with others, were taken as prisoners to the castle. Amid the prevailing confusion we get another glimpse of the irrepressible Dr. Plumptre, who again 'had the impudence to come into the town of Nottingham, to go from one tavern or alehouse to another, where he belched out abominable scoffs and taunts against the governor and committee-men.' When at last the cavaliers retired, Hutchinson determined on following them with his field-guns, to give them a final salute at the Trent bridges; 'but the mayor of Derby, an old, dull-headed Dutchman,' discouraged that enterprise.

The scene inside Nottingham Castle immediately after the departure of the Royalists is so vividly drawn by Mrs. Hutchinson that to give it in any other words would be to spoil the effect. Her surgical skill had been acquired under her

parents in the Tower of London when her father, Sir Allen Apsley, was lieutenant of that fortress. The 'Captain Palmer' referred to will be recognised as the fanatical Presbyterian preacher, already mentioned as having accepted a commission in the army :—

'There was a large room, which was the chapel, in the castle : this they had filled full of prisoners, besides a very bad prison, which was no better than a dungeon, called the Lion's Den ; and the new Captain Palmer, and another minister, having nothing else to do, walked up and down the castle-yard, insulting and beating the poor prisoners as they were brought up. In the encounter, one of the Derby captains was slain, and five of our men hurt, who for want of another surgeon, were brought to the governor's wife, and she having some excellent balsams and plasters in her closet, with the assistance of a gentleman that had some skill, dressed all their wounds, which of some were dangerous, being all shots, with such good success, that they were all well cured in convenient time. After our wounded men were dressed, as she stood at her chamber-door, seeing three of the prisoners sorely cut, and carried down bleeding into the Lion's Den, she desired the marshal to bring them to her, and bound up and dressed their

wounds also: which while she was doing, Captain Palmer came in and told her his soul abhorred to see this favour to the enemies of God; she replied, she had done nothing but what she thought was her duty, in humanity to them, as fellow-creatures, not as enemies. But he was very ill-satisfied with her, and with the governor presently after, when he came into a very large room where a very great supper was prepared, and more room and meat than guests; to fill up which the governor had sent for one Mr. Mason, one of the prisoners, a man of good fashion, who had married a relation of his, and was brought up more in fury than for any proof of guilt in him, and I know not whether two or three others, the governor had not called to meat with them; for which Captain Palmer bellowed loudly against him as a favourer of malignants and cavaliers. Who could have thought this godly, zealous man, who could scarce eat his supper for grief to see the enemies of God thus favoured, should have afterwards entered into a conspiracy against the governor with those very same persons who now so much provoked his zeal? But the governor took no notice of it, though he set the very soldiers a muttering against himself and his wife for these poor humanities.'

Urged on by the cavaliers at Newark, the disaffected in Nottingham thought that it would be easy to burn down the town. 'For a fortnight together it was perpetually attempted, fire being laid to hay barns and other combustible places, insomuch that the women were forced to walk nightly by fifties to prevent the burning.' Threats of retaliation by firing well-known cavalier's houses in the country had the effect of killing this conspiracy. It was at this time that the governor gained possession of the fort at the Trent bridge.

Any success outside of his citadel seems only to have had the effect of adding to the governor's perplexities. Uncertain friends were more to be dreaded than honest, open enemies. What was in the air, for example, when Colonel Pierrepont, who was on the popular side, 'gave out strange, envious whispers,' and otherwise behaved 'disingenuously to the governor?' Then Chadwick, the time-serving recorder, and member of the town committee, returned to Nottingham with enough of brag and pretentiousness to have sufficed for a whole battalion of cavaliers. Who could serve the cause like himself? And naturally commanders were anxious to press a commission on the

acceptance of a man of such abilities. With a small following in Staffordshire he 'possessed a Papist's fine house and fired it, to run away by the light, when the enemy was thirty miles off from it'! But though he retreated in this unheroic style, he aspired to the governorship of Nottingham, so that the Parliament had to confirm Hutchinson in his possession. Chadwick's wife was even less happy in her adventures than her husband; for in passing through Nottingham about this time the women threw scalding water after her! This, the fact already mentioned, that feminine guards patrolled the streets to save the town from fire, and other things, show that while women were non-combatants in the strict sense, they still had a greater share in the civil wars than is sometimes supposed.

Meanwhile the governor held his own, and carried on operations with the patriotic enterprise of a man who saw and thought for himself. His brother George, as lieutenant-colonel, may have been his right-hand man, but in Master Hooper, who acted as his general engineer, Hutchinson had 'one that understood all kind of operations, in all things imaginable.' What one suggested the other would be able to carry out, so that there must have seemed to be no end to their ingenious

devices. They even hired 'some saltpetre men,' and set about making their own 'powder and match in the castle'; they cast their own 'mortar-pieces,' besides carrying out 'many other inventions for the defence of the place.' The town was now fortified as well as the castle, all such operations being diversified by minor engagements in the open country. In one of these, the Royalist colonel Frecheville was captured and brought in, though he afterwards escaped. 'The man being a Frenchman and a proper black man, some would needs report him to be Prince Rupert, and thereupon raised a great clamour at the governor.'

Whatever may have been its drawbacks in other respects, there can hardly have been aught like monotony in life at the castle. We are reminded that the Hutchinsons and the main body of those about them were Presbyterians, from the fact that on a fast day towards the end of February, 1644, 'the national Covenant was taken with a great solemnity both by the soldiers and inhabitants, men and women.' In that same month a plot was frustrated which had the object of murdering those who held the bridge fort. A dozen soldiers were taken on the bridge itself, 'disguised like market men and women, with

pistols, long knives, hatchets, daggers, and great pieces of iron about them.' For this and other service the soldiers were voted a gratuity; but instead of giving them what was ordered, 'Salisbury, the treasurer, tithed it out'; that is, he 'gave the soldiers a groat apiece, and sixpence apiece to the officers.' This was not approved, however, for 'the soldiers being mad, flung back his money, and desired a council of war to do them right.' When spoken to, the treasurer was so far from taking reproof meekly, that he 'flung himself away from the board in a great huff and muttering'; but no doubt both officers and men at last got their proper due.

There was a fast day observed at Nottingham with all Puritan solemnity, but 'before the first sermon was ended' there was a strong alarm that the enemy's horse were in the streets. Then followed the more stirring news of a skirmish between Rupert and Meldrum, the object of the Royalists being to oblige Meldrum to retire from before Newark, where he 'had made all things ready for a general assault on the town.' Details of fighting in the open country are given, and we become impressed with Hutchinson's increasing anxieties. Sir E. Hartup, with his calvary, gives some reason

to fear that he is playing into the hands of the enemy; the brave Colonel Thornhagh, very badly wounded, arrives 'in a waggon'; and while it seemed likely that Rupert himself, in strong force, would come down both on town and castle, the Nottingham committee, so far from being any real aid in the threatening crisis, 'now began again to mutter at the governor.' Danger, and need of constant vigilance and sleepless energy, however, only had the effect of showing of what kind of mettle this man was made. Making the waters of the Trent to serve him, 'he floated the meadows' below the castle; he strengthened the forts at the bridges; 'and expecting the enemy every hour, was forced to let the work go on during the Lord's day'; he expelled from the town 'the wives, children, and servants of such as were in the enemy's garrisons and armies.' It was also at this time, when the cause of the Parliament throughout the country was at a very low ebb, that a summons to surrender came from the commissioners at Newark, the alternative being that Rupert would advance and burn Nottingham to the ground. Hutchinson answered this as it became an English soldier. Rupert did not come after all; he went further north, and in due time, 'with a

great army out of the south,' he appeared at York, to see what the Roundheads meant by laying siege to that city, and a few hours later met with more than his match at Marston Moor. It was at this crisis that Hutchinson released from prison his 'chief cannoniers,' veterans who were 'very zealous and faithful to the cause,' and whose only crime had been 'different judgments in matters of worship.' Though admitted to be honest and peaceable, these men had been arrested 'by the instigation of the ministers and godly people,' who were 'unable to suffer their separation and spreading of their opinions'; and when the governor set them free, and reinstated them in their employment, 'there was a great outcry against him as a favourer of separatists.'

Adventures like this, joined to constant municipal quarrels, added perplexities or even dangers, to the situation. At such a time a little thing might be a portent of ill, as, for example, when 'a letter was found by a wench in the night-time,' among the shoemaker's booths. We have to remember that the governor's world included a Charles White, who had 'a thousand arts' to mask his villainies; a Dr. Plumptre, whose tongue could set a town by the ears; and

Master Chadwick, who on a festive occasion could boast of martial prowess, and then run with the most fleet of foot at the first alarm of danger. The crushing defeat of the Royalists at Marston Moor may probably have altered the tone even of the town murmurers ; for having 'hitherto got nothing but desperate hazard and vast expense,' the castle garrison 'now began to be in a hopeful condition.' All along, Hutchinson had enemies who would have been glad to have ensured his ruin, but 'by his vigilancy' he was able to thwart them at every move. White even went to Lord Fairfax at York for the evident purpose of damaging the governor, but all he got for his pains was to be 'dismissed with reproof and laughter.'

One result of the petty interference of the town committee was that for a time the governor lost the services of Hooper, the engineer, who now went to Cromwell. Hooper did eminent service to the popular cause in many places. He served Sir Thomas Fairfax at the siege of Oxford, and he was also at the siege of Raglan Castle. Mrs. Hutchinson says that Hooper was 'a man very faithful to the cause, and very honest, but withal rough, who having to do with hateful businesses, was made hateful to the common people, the

priests, too, having a particular spite at him, as one they esteemed a leader of the separatists.'

To serve their purpose, Hutchinson's detractors would have made it appear that he and his brother were disposed to deliver up the castle to the enemy. The plot against him reached a climax in a kind of appeal to the Parliament, the result of which was that his enemies were generally discomfited. He was welcomed back to Nottingham 'by volleys of cannon and muskets and ringing of bells,' and many other expressions of joy. Many of those who had libelled him ran away from the town when there was a prospect of his return.

Meanwhile the discontent of a noisy party in the town was not finally repressed; 'the impertinent clamours of the governor's enemies' still occasioned perplexity in London; but one soldier, who practically represented the entire garrison of the castle, asked in strong indignation, 'Why do you suffer these fellows to vapour thus? Let us clout them out of the field.' Throughout all these local troubles, Hutchinson had his hands strengthened and his heart encouraged by having for his chief officer his brother George, 'a man of the kindest heart and the most humble, familiar deportment in the

world, and lived with all his soldiers as if they had been his brothers; dispensing with that reverence which was due to him, and living cheerful and merry.'

The governor was put to great expense in defending himself before the Parliament at Westminster; and during a second absence George Hutchinson was again deputy governor. Naturally enough, however, the Royalists, knowing of the dissensions which existed, made a dash and took the fort at the Trent bridges. This occasioned great alarm. 'The whole town was in a sad uproar,' and although it was Sunday, 'all the people were in such a consternation that they could keep no Sabbath that day.' When the news reached him at Westminster, Hutchinson was greatly moved, but he rose equal to the occasion. 'He thought it time to throw off that patience with which he had waited'; arranged with the Speaker to state his case at the Bar of the House; and spoke with a convincing boldness and force which proved irresistible. He told the Parliament that the fort was lost, and for aught he knew, the castle also, 'which was no more than what he had long expected, through the countenance that was, by one of their members, given to a malignant faction, that

obstructed all the public service, disturbed all the honest soldiers and officers in their duty, and spent the public treasury to carry on their private malice.' This plain speaking was not to the liking of 'many of the guilty members'; but in the memorable days between Marston Moor and Naseby such people were finding their proper level; for 'certain mean people in the House' came to be called *Worsted-stocking Men*, to distinguish them from 'the more honourable gentlemen.' The accident of the bridges, as it was called, thus gave a *quietus* to the persecution to which the governor had been subjected. When he again returned to Nottingham he was accompanied by Hooper, the engineer; 'and was welcomed as if safety, and victory, and all desirable blessings had come in his train.' A month later the lost fort was retaken.

After the Royalist defeat at Naseby, Newark became one of their chief strongholds; and the aim was not only to reduce it, but one by one to capture lesser places which still held out. One of these was Shelford House, where Colonel Philip Stanhope was in command, and who, when called on to surrender, 'returned a very scornful, huffling reply,' adding that he intended to

'lay Nottingham Castle as flat as a pancake, and such other bravadoes.' In the buff coat of a Puritan soldier, having laid aside his musket-proof armour because it was 'so heavy that it heated him,' Hutchinson actually led the storming party, and went through a rough and dangerous experience before the citadel could be taken. The references which Mrs. Hutchinson makes to poor young Philip Stanhope enable us to picture in our minds the heroic acts and tragic calamities of that eventful day:—

'It is said he sat in his chamber, wrapt up in his cloak, and came not forth that day; but that availed him not, for how, or by whom, it is not known, but he was wounded and stripped, and flung upon a dunghill. . . . Whereupon the lieutenant-colonel called for his own cloak and cast it over him, and sent him to a bed in his own quarters, and procured him a surgeon. Upon his desire, he had a little priest, who had been his father's chaplain, and was one of the committee faction; but the man was such a pitiful comforter that the governor, who was come to visit him, was forced to undertake that office; but though he had all the supplies they could every way give him, he died the next day.'

Purposely set on fire, as was supposed by

the country people, Shelford House was burned down on that same night. Wiverton House, belonging to Lord Chaworth, followed, and in due time Newark itself surrendered.

It was then, in 1646, that Hutchinson had time to take his place in Parliament; but on coming to London 'he found a very bitter spirit of discord and envy raging' between the Presbyterians and Independents. As Rapin shows, the former 'thought themselves in slavery if themselves did not command'; but Hutchinson had no sympathy with any faction.

John and George Hutchinson married two sisters, and the brother of these ladies, as ex-Royalist Governor of Barnstaple, Sir Allen Apsley, found shelter at Nottingham Castle 'till his composition with the Parliament was completed.' Of course this naturally had the effect of 'opening the mouths of the malignants'; as was also the case when, being ill, Hutchinson 'began a course of physic' under Dr. Frazier, who was supposed to be in sympathy with the Scots' invasion. This occurred about the time that Sir Thomas Fairfax, accompanied by his wife, encamped at Nottingham. Favoured for the time by Lady Fairfax, the Presbyterians in the town 'grew impudent enough to preach

up their faction openly in the pulpit,' and thus needed to be well looked after by the governor.

In 1647, when the violence of party warfare betokened a second civil war, Hutchinson gave up his charge, to be succeeded by his relative, Captain Poulton. 'Captain Hutchinson removed his family back to his own house at Owthorpe, but found that, having stood uninhabited, and been robbed of everything which the neighbouring garrisons of Shelford and Wiverton could carry from it, it was so ruined that it could not be repaired, to make a convenient habitation, without as much charge as would almost build another.' At this time Hutchinson was ill, but he was soon after visited by Cromwell, to whom he spoke in such a way, that the future Protector is supposed to have stood in some dread of him. Hutchinson lived a quiet and private life all through the Commonwealth period, though he had been a member of the High Court of Justice which tried the King, and he voted for Charles's execution. After the Restoration he was arrested on some supposed suspicion of being concerned in a treasonable conspiracy. He was confined for ten months in the Tower; and a month after his removal to Sandown Castle he died, September 11,

1664, a victim of 'the murderous persons then in power.'

To us, Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson are something more than a beautiful memory; in their public and private life they were an honour to their age and country, their self-denying patriotism being only equalled by their Christian charity, which was far in advance of their age. It was not likely that those who passed for statesmen and courtiers in an age as degenerate as that of the Restoration could understand or value one like Hutchinson. As Macaulay well says of those then in power: 'Their moral and intellectual littleness strikes us with the more disgust, because we see it placed in immediate contrast with the high and majestic qualities of the race which they succeeded.'

CHAPTER IX

IN THE DAYS OF THE COMMONWEALTH

IN this chapter no attempt will be made to give anything like a complete history of that great period we call the Commonwealth, which, by very many writers who lived prior to the present reign, was decried and misrepresented until a commonplace wayfaring man might naturally have been expected to regard the times as being altogether reactionary and accursed. In the history of literature has anything more extraordinary ever happened than in the altered tone of our reference books under the head of CROMWELL during sixty years? If we credited such writers as James Heath, the lying time-server of the Restoration; or David Hume, whose virulent hatred of England and the English made the main part of his History to be what one high authority characterises as "little better than a party pamphlet, written with a

definite bias and a definite aim,' we might indeed form a low opinion of Cromwell, as of a man whose ambitious self-seeking and canting hypocrisy exceeded anything of the kind ever met with before. Other supposed trustworthy authorities, too numerous to mention, have followed in a similar strain. Even Dr. Johnson, who, when in Scotland, 'laughed to hear that Cromwell's soldiers taught the Aberdeen people to make shoes and stockings and to plant cabbages,' once threatened the world with a Life of Cromwell, which it is well for his reputation that he did not write. We find that 'he thought it must be highly curious to trace his extraordinary rise to the supreme power from so obscure a beginning.' It would really be so; but to have mixed up Samuel Johnson's political prejudices with the unique story would have spoiled the effect, by turning the narrative into a caricature. In our day this way of treating the Protector has become obsolete. In the *Encyclopædia Britannica* —a very representative book of reference— we find it said that Cromwell 'was a man for all ages to admire, for all Britons to hold in proud remembrance. No royal name, at least since Alfred's, is more worthy of our veneration.'

If we could have been in London on the last day of May, 1650, we should have seen the West End streets alive with soldiers and thronging crowds, all out to welcome back the Lord Lieutenant Cromwell from Ireland —'One wide tumult of salutation, congratulation, artillery-volleying, human shouting.' These people approved of what had been done; they knew nothing of stories, afterwards invented by divers chroniclers, relative to a proposed extermination of the Irish people, and so on; they saw in the hero of the day the deliverer of the nation from the thraldom of sanguinary conspirators; a man who had opened a new era of prosperity for the hitherto unhappy people. Stories and reports naturally multiply rapidly at such wild times, to find their way into the narratives of partisan historians. Thus it happened, as Carlyle shows, that 'my Lord Clarendon, at an after date, seeing Puritanism hung on the gallows, and tumbled in heaps in St. Margaret's, thought it safe to write with considerable latitude.'

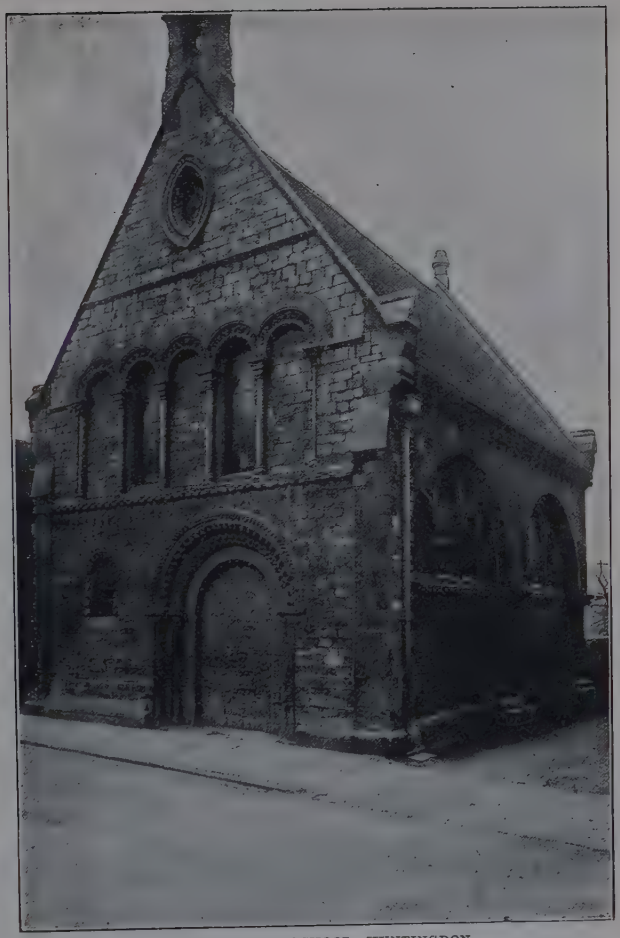
While in Ireland the tide is turned in favour of greater personal security and general national prosperity, we may rapidly glance at what occurred in the country after Cromwell's return before proceeding to other matters.

Drawn back to England by the darkening aspect of affairs in Scotland, Cromwell leaves Ireton as his Deputy in Ireland, with a prospect of plenty of hard service still to be accomplished. Besides being the son-in-law of the Lord Lieutenant, Ireton was a thoroughly conscientious adherent of the Parliament, from whom he refused a money-grant because the nation had other debts more pressing than his own personal necessities. The new Deputy did not possess his greater relative's surpassing military abilities; and in the space of about eighteen months after the chief command was entrusted to him, he died while still in harness. We know that Cromwell reposed more confidence in Ireton than in any other of his military comrades; but according to Mrs. Hutchinson, Ireton himself had many misgivings in regard to the alleged ambitious aspirations of his chief. The current reports were treated with scorn by the future Protector, but as the fair chronicler thought, they 'added spurs to his ambition, but his son-in-law, Ireton, deputy of Ireland, would not be wrought to serve him, but hearing of his machinations, determined to come over to England to endeavour to divert him from such destructive courses. But God cut him short by death, and whether his body or an

empty coffin was brought into England, something in his name came to London, and was to be, by Cromwell's procurement, magnificently buried among the kings at Westminster.'

Ireton's death was regretted by such as Whitelock, on account of the wholesome influence he exercised over Cromwell. As regards the pageant of his funeral, we may agree with Ludlow, who thought that such a man deserved in death some greater honour 'than a dormitory among the ashes of kings; who, for the most part, as they had governed others by their passions, so were they as much governed by them.' The Royalist, John Evelyn, thought otherwise, while leaving us this word-picture of the street scene:—

'Saw the magnificent funeral of that arch-rebel, Ireton, carried in pomp from Somerset House to Westminster, accompanied by divers regiments of soldiers, horse and foot; then marched the mourners, General Cromwell (his father-in-law), his mock-Parliament-men, officers, and forty poor men in gowns, three led horses in housings of black cloth, two led in black velvet, and his charging-horse, all covered over with embroidery and gold, on crimson velvet; then the guidons, ensigns, four heralds, carrying the arms of the State



THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, HUNTINGDON.
Cromwell educated here under Dr. Beard.

[*Facing p.* 192.

(as they called it), namely, the red cross and Ireland, with the casque, wreath, sword, spurs, &c.; next a chariot canopied of black velvet, and six horses, in which was the corpse; the pall held up by the mourners on foot; the mace and sword, with other marks of his charge in Ireland (where he died of the plague), carried before in black scarfs. Thus, in a grave pace, drums covered with cloth, soldiers reversing their arms, they proceeded through the streets in a very solemn manner.'

While Deputy Ireton thus passed off the scene his place is taken by another character of passing interest—John Lambert, who as a law student had accepted a commission in the Parliament's army at the outbreak of civil war. At Marston Moor, Naseby, and on other fields, he won distinction, so that on the death of Ireton he was voted Deputy of Ireland, being, as Mrs. Hutchinson remarks, 'exceedingly elevated with the honour.' He now took notice of and flattered a number of other officers, who paid him great respect on account of their hope of preferment. These men made up 'a very proud train,' so that, being elated at having such a following, Lambert too soon 'put on the prince, immediately laying out £500 for his own particular equipage, and looking on all the Parliament-men who had con-

ferred this honour on him, as underlings, and scarcely worth such a great man's nod.' Cromwell had taken care, however, that the Parliament should commit itself for six months only, and, ruffled by any check being put upon his vanity, Lambert told them that if they so soon repented they might have their commissioner back. 'They took him at his word, and made Fleetwood deputy, and Ludlow commander of the horse,' says Mrs. Hutchinson; 'whereupon Lambert, with a heart full of spite, malice, and revenge, retreated to his palace at Wimbledon, and sat there watching an opportunity to destroy the Parliament.'

Colonel Charles Fleetwood, who then took the command in Ireland, was a more worthy person, although he showed certain defects of character which exposed him to risks and pitfalls which otherwise he might have escaped. He became son-in-law to Cromwell, through his marriage with Bridget, the widow of Ireton, the manner in which the match was brought about being thus told by Mrs. Hutchinson:—

'There went a story, that as my Lady Ireton was walking in St. James's Park, the Lady Lambert, as proud as her husband, came by where she was, and as the present princess always hath presidency of the relict of the dead prince, so she put my Lady Ireton below;

who, notwithstanding her piety and humility, was a little grieved at the affront. Colonel Fleetwood being then present, in mourning for his wife, who died at the same time her lord did, took occasion to introduce himself, and was immediately accepted by the lady and her father, who designed thus to restore his daughter to the honour she had fallen from.'

Edmund, or Carlyle's 'Wooden Ludlow,' held the command in Ireland for some months, but gave place to Fleetwood. He worked well in Ireland under the Deputy, but became jealous of Cromwell's authority when the latter became Protector. As regards Fleetwood, one would like to know what the *Encyclopædia Britannica* means by saying, 'Not long after the Restoration he died in wretchedness and obscurity at Stoke Newington, whither he had retired.' The truth is that the veteran officer possessed ample means and survived the Revolution of 1688. He married as his third wife Lady Hartopp, and as we may learn from Dr. Isaac Watts, he was a distinguished leader among the Dissenters, with whom that northern suburb became a chief centre.

The honour accorded to Cromwell on his return to London from Ireland showed that he was already the most powerful man in England. With the exception of the extreme enthusiasts,

who were satisfied with nothing short of their own party being in command, the lieutenant-general was as indispensable in the Parliament and the council board, as he was in the field. He was a man of his word, and of strict discipline; and he acted with the decision of a man of faith. Having done his part in bringing one nation to obedience, he was now ready to take an army beyond the Tweed. Meanwhile St. James's Palace was now for a time his home in London, and Parliament voted him lands in recognition of his services.

The preliminaries of the campaign in Scotland were very characteristic of the times. If the Scots supposed that they could overawe the English by setting up Charles II. as 'a covenanted king,' they must be undeceived; and if they presumed to invade England, the tide of war must be rolled back to their own doors. Under ordinary conditions Fairfax would have gone with the army as chief in command, with Cromwell as second officer; 'but when they were just marching out,' says Mrs. Hutchinson, 'my Lord Fairfax, persuaded by his wife and her chaplains, threw up his commission, at such a time when it could not have been done more spitefully and ruinously to the whole Parliament interest.' A meeting of officers at the general's house, opened by

three prayers, failed to move him. The arguments of Lady Fairfax and her preachers had prevailed—to invade the northern country would be a violation of the Covenant.

As Fairfax thus failed in the hour of need, Cromwell takes his place under somewhat discouraging conditions. The weather being wet, the roads are bad; the country between Berwick and Edinburgh has been laid waste; while blood-curdling reports, that Cromwell would kill all men between sixteen and sixty, cut off the right hands of all boys over six, and pierce all women's breasts with hot irons, were everywhere circulated on crossing the border. 'The English were surprised at the silence and desolation which reigned around them,' says Lingard; 'for the only human beings whom they met on their march through the wilderness were a few old women and children, who on their knees solicited mercy.' When these found themselves fed from the army commissariat, they found that the invaders were better friends to them than their own countrymen. Then followed the extraordinary spectacle of two opposing armies, each claiming to represent 'the godly party' of its own nation, engaging in theological argument, and appealing to Scripture to vindicate its cause. Few men, even though they may have

been preachers, have ever quoted the Bible to better purpose than Cromwell; and he may have been accompanied by scores of preaching officers, as well as regular ministers, who laboured to build up in the faith the rank-and-file of the army. Still, while all this was going on in the English camp, there was liberty of conscience. It was far otherwise with the Scots, who held the sword in one hand and the Covenant in the other, while they cashiered numbers of their own men because the presence of such malignants and sectaries in the field only drew down the judgments of God. Credulous enthusiasm never went to a more ludicrous length than when these armed Covenanters sought to convert a dissipated hypocrite like Charles II. by imposing on him six long sermons a day, and by compelling him by their threats to sign with tears an instrument which he loathed from the bottom of his heart. On the eve of the battle of Dunbar the English watchword was *The Lord of Hosts;* that of the Scots was *The Covenant*, the regiments of the latter believing their preachers, who assured them that they were destined to scatter the battalions of a 'blaspheming general and a sectarian army.'

It is not necessary to describe in detail the adventures in Scotland which preceded the

battle of Dunbar. The Scottish army of thirty thousand must have exceeded the English in number by some ten or twelve thousand. The Earl of Leven, the nominal commander, was now about seventy years of age; he had served in the continental wars under Charles IX. of Sweden; his division had been severely dealt with at Marston Moor, while fighting for the Parliament. He gave up his command, but resumed it during the second civil war; and we find that he did the honours at 'a very sumptuous banquet' at the Castle of Edinburgh, at which Cromwell was the chief guest, in October, 1648. The real general at Dunbar, however, was Leven's relative, David Leslie, who became first Lord Newark, and who is supposed to have shared the distinction with Cromwell of having won the field of Marston Moor. Leslie may have possessed some tact or military skill; but it was less difficult to manage his battalions than the rabidly enthusiastic Covenanters, who, being bent on executing the Lord's judgments on the sectaries, had naturally been excited and encouraged by the passage of a fiery meteor over Edinburgh in the direction of England.

On the eve of the battle of Dunbar, the advantage was wholly on the side of the

Scots. The destruction of supplies in the country added to the difficulties of the English, who had been attacked in a very determined manner at Edinburgh. The Scottish generals who realised that Cromwell's hardy and thoroughly disciplined veterans were superior to their raw recruits, kept them strongly entrenched in position on the Doon Hill, the English occupying the ground about Broxmouth House, not only an inferior position, but, from the military standpoint, one of imminent danger. Cromwell's faith in God never wavered; one says that on this occasion he was assured of victory by a preternatural voice; but from his own language we learn that he was deeply sensitive of danger; and his men being wasted by fever and 'the disease of the country,' he seems to have thought of shipping the foot to England and of then breaking through with his cavalry. It was then that his own skill as a general was aided by the vehement impatience of the Scottish preachers, to whom the generals appear to have yielded, against their better judgment, by consenting to leave their position in order to attack. It was then, noticing the movements of the Scots that Cromwell exclaimed, 'They are coming down; the Lord hath delivered them into our hands!' The

outposts of each army were separated by a ravine of only ten yards in breadth. In the night the English moved up to this position, when the Scottish Lancers, charging down the hill with great fury, and aided by their artillery, seemed to gain some advantage. This was at sunrise, and it was then that the English general cried, 'Let God arise and scatter his enemies!' The words seemed to be presently fulfilled; for as the rising sun dispelled the morning mist the English gained confidence, the Scottish horse hesitated, then turned; and seeing this panic, the foot threw down their arms and fled. In his letter to Lenthall, 'Speaker of the Parliament of England,' Cromwell said:—

'The best of the enemy's horse being broken through and through in less than an hour's dispute, their whole army being put into confusion, it became a total rout; our men having the chase and execution of them near eight miles. We believe that upon the place and near about it were about three thousand slain. Prisoners taken: of their officers you have this enclosed list; of private soldiers near ten thousand. The whole baggage and train taken, wherein was great store of match, powder, and bullet; all their artillery, great and small—thirty guns. We are con-

fident they have left behind them not less than fifteen thousand arms. I have already brought in to me near two hundred colours, which I herewith send you. What officers of theirs of quality are killed we yet cannot learn ; but yet surely divers are : and many men of quality are mortally wounded, as Colonel Lumsden, the Lord Libberton, and others. And, that which is no small addition, I do not believe we have lost twenty men. Not one commission officer slain as I hear of, save one cornet ; and Major Rooksby, since dead of his wounds ; and not many mortally wounded : Colonel Whalley only cut in the handwrist, and his horse (thrice shot) killed under him ; but he well recovered another horse, and went on in the chase.'

After all this the general might well add to the Speaker : 'It would do you good to see and hear our poor foot to go up and down making their boast of God.' We may bear in mind that William Lenthall, to whom the long letter containing the above passage was sent, acted as Speaker of the Long Parliament, November 3, 1640, to April 20, 1653. We find Lenthall characterised by one authority as being weak and timid—'from first to last a time-server.' It was Lenthall, however, who refused to tell Charles I. whether

any one of the five members were present when the misguided King sought to have them arrested. 'I have neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak in this place,' he said, 'but as the House is pleased to direct me, whose servant I am here.'

Wednesday, September 4th, is mainly spent by the victor in writing to his relatives and others. To his wife Elizabeth, 'At the Cockpit' he has 'not leisure to write much,' but adds, 'I have been in my inward man marvellously supported; though I assure thee I grow an old man, and feel infirmities of age marvellously stealing upon me.' He was fifty-one, and this reminds us that persons over fifty were then considered aged. If Dame Elizabeth wished to hear more about Dunbar field either Harry Vane or Gilbert Pickering would satisfy her curiosity. A passage in a letter to Ireton shows how different the conditions of the campaign were in Scotland from what they had been in Ireland; in the latter country the war was a chastisement; in the former Cromwell was wounded in the house of his friends: 'We have been engaged upon a service, the fullest of trial ever poor creatures were upon. We made great professions of love; knowing we were to deal with many who were godly, and who pretended to be

stumbled at our invasion: indeed our bowels were pierced again and again; the Lord helped us to sweet words, and in sincerity to mean them. We were rejected again and again; yet still we begged to be believed that we loved them as our own souls; they often returned evil for good. We prayed for security: they would not hear or answer a word to that. We made often appeals to God; they appealed also.'

When Ireton received this message he was still doing hard service in Ireland, his wife Bridget being then with her mother at the Cockpit, the fine royal lodging at Whitehall which the Parliament had conferred upon the Cromwell family. Elizabeth, the general's wife, hardly cared for so sumptuous a lodging; but anywhere life itself was only half living without her husband.

Meanwhile General Leslie enters Edinburgh as a fugitive; hearing of the overthrow of their army at Dunbar, the preachers of the city also seek refuge in the castle; and when Cromwell from his lodging in the Canongate invites them still to minister to their flocks, they make what Carlyle calls a sulky response. Governor Dundas speaking on their behalf says: 'They are resolved to reserve themselves for better times, and to wait upon Him

who hath hidden his face for awhile from the sons of Jacob.'

It was not to be wondered at when, as one result of the arduous Scottish campaign, Cromwell should be overtaken by illness—having more than one relapse—which created the greatest alarm in London. 'I thought I should have died of this fit of sickness,' he wrote to Bradshaw; 'but the Lord seemed to dispose otherwise.'

The details of the Scottish campaign, which culminated in the battle of Worcester, on the first anniversary of that of Dunbar, would be too tedious to give at length. Edinburgh Castle surrendered on Christmas Eve, otherwise the work of the miners which the general had brought from Derbyshire would inevitably have led to some tragic scenes.

Before his severe illness came upon him, the general received a deputation at his lodging—Moray House, Canongate—from the University of Oxford, which had elected him its chancellor. Carlyle tells us that 'Oxford University, which at the end of the first civil war had been found in a most broken, malignant, altogether waste and ruinous condition, was afterwards, not without difficulty and immense patience on the part of the Parliament commissioners, radically reformed.' The historian adds how

the Earl of Pembroke had had to see after certain things at Oxford two years previously, when he 'put the intemperate Dr. Fell, incorrigible otherwise, under lock and key'; while he 'left the incorrigible Mrs. Dr. Fell, whom the soldiers had to carry out in her chair, sitting in the quadrangle.' While accepting the office, he referred to the many engagements which would prevent his serving them as he might desire—'I being tied to attendance in another land.' His interest in learning was shown by his appointing the learned and pious Dr. John Owen vice-chancellor. The mayor of Durham with other inhabitants also came to propose that the northern town should be turned into a seat of learning. Many advantages favoured the scheme; Cromwell thought that it was a work to be advanced; some progress was made with the scheme, 'but the blessed Restoration put a stop to this, and some other things.'

While Cromwell was in Scotland he was attended by a faithful French valet named Duret, whom the historians for the most part appear to have overlooked. The man's admiration for his master led to his becoming a most devoted servant, and, as has so often happened under like conditions, the two became united

by the strongest bond of friendship. When out on a campaign, Duret was not only his master's chief attendant, he superintended all domestic affairs wherever the general lodged. When the latter was overtaken by severe illness at Edinburgh early in 1651, Duret acted as chief attendant on the suffering general night and day; and it is said that Cromwell would not receive either food or medicine from any other person. The strain and anxiety of this ceaseless watching, in what must then have been an extremely unsanitary atmosphere, had the effect of wearing out the faithful servant; he became seriously ill; at last he was seen to be sinking, and in turn the general himself is found to act as attendant and religious comforter. In the case of the faithful Frenchman, there were no regrets that his life promised to be sacrificed for such a man and for such a cause as the Commonwealth. The only thing which weighed on his mind was that his mother and two nephews, who were still in France, would miss the assistance which he had been in the habit of sending to them. To this Cromwell made the only reply which might have been expected of him. 'I will look to that; my obligations to you are so great, that it were impossible for me to do otherwise.' When Duret died, the promise

made to him was fully kept. The man's relatives were invited to London; the mother made one of the family at the Cockpit, his sister acted as a kind of maid of honour to Mistress Cromwell, the nephews became pages. The general did not see either his family or these new friends until he returned from the Scottish campaign, which really came to a climax and an end at the battle of Worcester. 'The scene at that moment must have been redolent of Christian pathos,' remarks Weylen. 'The mutual tears and incoherent greetings had an eloquence of their own; for it was through the medium of his daughters, who were better skilled in the French language than himself, that he testified to the old lady how he rejoiced at her arrival; assuring her at the same time that as she had lost her first son in his service, he would do his possible to fill the vacancy as her second son. Moreover, he took pains to acquire sundry French phrases wherewith to salute her whenever they might chance to meet.'

While not attempting to describe the Scottish campaign, we may say that the events which preceded the battle of Worcester were as startling as any similar things which ever happened in the annals of England. Notwithstanding certain violent religious and political differ-

ences, the Scots had their pretended king in possession, and seemed determined to make the best of him. When he was crowned at Scone on January 1st, he listened to a long sermon, in which kingly principles and his line of duty were fully expounded. While remarking that 'he passed with credit through the ceremony,' Lingard leaves us to 'imagine what were the feelings of Charles while he listened to the admonitions of the preacher, and when he swore to perform conditions which his soul abhorred, and which he knew that on the first opportunity he should break or elude.'

Charles does not seem really to have regretted the defeat at Dunbar; and while the progress of the English into the northern counties of Scotland greatly disconcerted his Scottish friends, their royal puppet saw that it gave him an opportunity to march southward, even into England. Under favourable conditions this would have been a bold and promising move; as it was, Cromwell is said to have been 'surprised and embarrassed,' while the Parliament became very seriously alarmed. Still, the authorities at Westminster acted with spirit and promptitude. Their common hangman burned the pretended king's proclamation, in which Cromwell and

Bradshaw were excluded from pardon, and Charles Stuart was pronounced a traitor in a counter proclamation.

The battle of Worcester was on both sides of the Severn; and in his first despatch, written late at night, the English general says: 'We beat the enemy from hedge to hedge till we beat him into Worcester.' It was a very hard-fought day; the Scots 'made a very considerable fight for three hours'; but after pursuing the King to his royal fort and taking it, 'we turned his own guns upon him,' all ending with 'a possession of the town, our men entering at the enemy's heels, and fighting with them in the streets with very great courage.' Such was Cromwell's 'crowning mercy' on the day of his last battle—a day which many of his admirers have agreed to call 'the glorious 3rd of September.'

The defeat of the Royalists and Scots at Worcester cleared the air of many wild rumours and alarms. Cromwell arrived in London, amid many rejoicings, about the middle of September. Certain members of Parliament were commissioned to meet the general, Bulstrode and St. John being of the number—a man whom we have to regard as one of the chief lawyers of the Commonwealth

period, during which time he was Commissioner of the Great Seal, Councillor of State, and Chief Justice. Another interested in the victory was the army preacher Hugh Peters, an enthusiast of the Independent order, and who with others was basely judicially murdered at the Restoration—that age of little men and great crimes.

But while 'the conquering hero' enters London in triumph, the covenanted king has not been captured; and it may prove interesting to give a passage or two from *An Account of King Charles the Second's Escape from Worcester*, which the adventurer himself dictated to Samuel Pepys.

The defeat was so decided that he says, 'I began to think of the best way of saving myself.' As might well be the case, those whose advice he sought were 'mightily distracted, and their opinions different.' Being hampered with a number of 'beaten men,' it was difficult to know what to do; but at last Charles and some others 'slipped away out of the high road that goes to Lancashire.' They 'rode very quietly' through a town between Worcester and Wolverhampton, and held by a company of Cromwell's men—'they suspecting us no more than we did them.' After riding twenty miles they came towards morning

to 'a place called White Ladys,' where news came that hard by were three thousand of Leslie's cavalry, 'all in disorder,' and Charles rejected the advice of accompanying this rabble into Scotland. He rather preferred to cut his hair very short, and then to endeavour 'to get afoot to London in a country fellow's habit.' His companion, Richard Penderell, was not only 'an honest man,' he knew of 'hiding holes for priests,' being a Roman Catholic, which might possibly be needed. They decided to go into Wales instead of London, and in a village on the river came to the house of 'an honest gentleman, one Mr. Woolfe.' This old gentleman told Charles 'that he durst not put him into any of the hiding-places of his house, because they had been discovered, and consequently, if any search should be made, they would certainly repair to these holes; and that, therefore, I had no other way of security but to go into his barn, and there lie behind his corn and hay.' Accordingly, they retired into this place 'without making any bustle in the house,' and remained there during the next day. In the evening, 'as soon as ever it began to be a little darkish,' Woolfe and his son brought a good meal, but when questioned on the subject, strongly advised

the fugitives not to attempt to cross into Wales. Leaving there they came to Moseley, and there, acting on the advice of 'one Major Careless,' Charles met with his famous adventure in the oak. There was a wood hard by; but it would not do to trust to that any more than it would to remain in the house. Careless said 'that he knew but one way how to pass the next day, and that was to get up into a great oak in a pretty plain place, where we might see round about us, for the enemy would certainly search at the wood for people that had made their escape.' Taking with them 'bread, cheese, small beer, and nothing else,' the two climbed into their hiding-place, the tree being one 'that had been lopped some three or four years before, and being grown out again very bushy and thick.' A search party of soldiers would appear on the scene at times, 'we seeing them, now and then, peeping out of the wood.'

After some other adventures, we find Charles on his way to Bristol, clothed 'like a serving-man,' in attendance on a Mrs. Lane and her sister. As his horse cast a shoe, he had to halt at a village blacksmith's, where the shoeing man was found to be a politician of advanced patriotic views :—

'As I was holding my horse's foot, I asked the smith, What news? He told me that there was no news that he knew of, since the good news of the beating of the rogues, the Scots. I asked him whether there was none of the English taken that joined with the Scots. He answered that he did not hear that the rogue, Charles Stuart, was taken; but some of the others, he said, were taken, but not Charles Stuart. I told him that if that rogue were taken he deserved to be hanged more than all the rest, for bringing in the Scots. Upon which he said that I spoke like an honest man, and so we parted.'

On one night they halted at Cirencester; and then coming 'to Mr. Norton's house beyond Bristol,' Charles was handed over to the care of Pope, the butler, as one who 'having been lately sick of an ague,' was to have careful attention. Tea and coffee had not yet made way in England. 'The next morning I arose pretty early,' says Charles, 'having a very good stomach, and went to the buttery-hatch to get my breakfast, where I found Pope and two or three other men in the room, and we all fell to eating bread-and-butter, to which he gave us very good ale and sack.' Pope afterwards became a confidant.

While on the western coast, hoping 'to hire a ship for my transportation,' Charles met with another adventure, worthy of being woven into the history of those times :—

'One day during my stay at Trent I, hearing the bells ring (the church being hard by Frank Windham's house), and seeing a company got together in the churchyard, I sent down the maid of the house, who knew me, to inquire what the matter was; who returning, came up and told me that there was a rogue, a trooper, come out of Cromwell's army, that was telling the people that he had killed me, and that that was my buff coat which he had then on. Upon which, most of the village being fanatics, they were ringing the bells and making a bonfire for joy of it.'

At Bridport the streets were found to be full of Cromwell's soldiers, who were about to embark for Jersey, 'at which Frank Windham was very much startled and asked me what I would do.' Charles's answer proved his self-possession: 'We must go impudently into the best inn in the town, and take a chamber there.' This was done; and the yard being full of soldiers, Charles went 'blundering in among them' to disarm suspicion; 'and they were very angry with me for my rudeness.'

Brighton was then 'a place four miles off of Shoreham, called Brighthelmstone,' and at an inn there the fugitive seems to have made his last halt before embarking at Shoreham for France, an ample number of ingenious lies having been coined to disarm the suspicions of all commonplace people met with between Worcester and the sea. Here is one more of Charles's anecdotes, and relating to the nameless innkeeper who kept the little inn on the coast, where Brighton now stands, in that tragic September of 1651 :—

'As I was standing after supper by the fireside, leaning on my hand upon a chair, and all the rest of the company being gone into another room, the master of the inn came in and fell a-talking with me, and just as he was looking about, and saw there was nobody in the room, he upon a sudden kissed my hand that was upon the back of the chair, and said to me, "God bless you wheresoever you go. I do not doubt before I die to be a lord, and my wife a lady." So I laughed and went away into the next room, not desiring then any further discourse with him.'

Charles reached France in due time and was met by the Queen, his mother, who by her encouragement of the late king in his

vanity and obstinacy had been one cause of the national troubles. While the future king was thus meeting with many adventures, Cromwell is being welcomed home by his wife, by some of his children and dependants, while Parliament confers Hampton Court upon him as a residence. While congratulations are pouring in upon the victor, what changes have taken place since he set out on his last great military campaign at midsummer of the year before. He greets his wife, his daughter Bridget, and welcomes the Durets, little thinking that in a few weeks the death of Ireton in Ireland, as already described, will leave Bridget a widow.

The facts of Cromwell's life during the nineteen months which passed between the final defeat of the Royalists at Worcester and the dissolution of that worn-out remnant of the Long Parliament called the Rump, are not so full as might be desired. 'The dimensions of this mercy are above my thoughts,' said the general, in regard to Worcester. 'It is, for aught I know, a crowning mercy.' From Cromwell's standpoint, the victory was, however, attended with vast responsibilities, both private and personal; and he was not the man to hold back or hesitate when duty prompted his going forward. Prosperity had

been in large measure restored to both Ireland and Scotland, Monk, as lieutenant-general, being deputy in the latter country. But the situation in England, as regarded the governing power, had become not only dangerous but ludicrous in the eyes of the world. The few men who remained sitting at Westminster were now hardly worthy of being called the shadow of the Long Parliament of 1640. Their habit of discussing trifles, and not seldom of preferring private interests to the public good, had made them intolerable in the eyes of the nation. In their more serious moments these men saw that a new Parliament might be desirable, but it must be composed, after themselves, only of such members as they themselves approved! At a time when they were actually hurrying a measure through their House in accordance with their views, on April 20, 1653, Cromwell himself, with an armed escort, appeared in their midst to clear the House and carry away the keys! The strongest man in England acted with a daring that is quite appalling at this unique crisis. 'It is you that have forced me to do this!' he cried. 'I have sought the Lord both day and night, that He would rather slay me than put me on the doing of this work.'

We may well believe this utterance, spoken in an agony of mind which at this time of day cannot be realised; but having gone so far there could be no drawing back. Because there was no one else to enter the breach, Cromwell for the time being is master of the destinies of England! He had never aspired to this distinction, he had never desired it, all came unsought; and the bearer of the national burden rose to the occasion in a way which showed that sterling honesty gave lustre to great abilities.

It occurred to Cromwell that 140 'persons of approved fidelity and honesty' would constitute a suitable Council to carry on the business of the nation; and being summoned, this 'Little Parliament' met early in July. 'The old and vulgar charge against them, as a herd of mean and contemptible fanatics, is of a piece with the general run of historic portraitures of Cromwell himself,' says the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 'and has been sufficiently answered, even by writers who have little favour for him. They were, in fact, a body of most sincere and earnest men, only too eager and comprehensive in their efforts to accomplish a national reformation.'

This assembly dissolved early in December, and a few days later Cromwell is installed

Protector of the British Commonwealth by the Council of State. This was carried out with royal magnificence, the Lords Commissioners, the Judges, the Lord Mayor, &c., being present. To threaten the Commonwealth or the life of the Protector became high treason. Besides having Whitehall for a residence in London, Cromwell now had Windsor Castle and Hampton Court as country palaces.

A new sovereign is always invited to dine with the Lord Mayor and the City magnates, and this function was not omitted at the rise of the Protectorate of Cromwell. The pageant came off in February, 1654, and De Bordeaux writing to a friend in France says: 'On his solemn entry into the city he was received like a king: the Mayor went before him with the sword in his hand, about him nothing but officers who do not trouble themselves much as to fineness of apparel: behind him the members of the Council in state coaches, furnished by certain lords. The concourse of people was great . . . At the Guildhall was a great feast prepared for him, and at the table sat the Mayor, the Councillors, the Deputies of the army, as well as Cromwell's son and son-in-law. Towards the foreign ambassadors the Protector deports himself as a king,

for the power of kings is not greater than his.'

While congratulations were received from foreign rulers, various letters from various men of eminence also came to hand bearing evidence to the Protector's worth. In France, Marshal Turenne, as well as Cardinal Mazarin, and Louis de Bourbon, were among the admirers of the great Englishman. The latter, as the Prince of Conde, who was surnamed the Great, wrote: 'I am exceedingly delighted with the just reward paid to your Highness's merit and virtues. It is in that alone that England can find her safety and repose: and I consider the people of the Three Kingdoms in the height of their glory in seeing their property and their lives entrusted to the government of so great a man.'

A passage from the *Cromwelliana* affords an insight into life as it was at Cromwell's court after he had taken his place at the helm of the nation:—

'The Lord Ambassadors of the United Provinces this day dined with his Highness the Lord Protector at Whitehall, and the Lords of the Council, with some colonels and other gentlemen at two tables in the same room; and the Lords Ambassadors, the Lord President, and the Lord Lisle at the same

table with his Highness; and twenty gentlemen were taken into his Highness's life-guard of foot (the whole number is to be three score), who carried up the meat, and many gentlemen attended; and after dinner there was a banquet. The coats of the guards are grey cloth, with black velvet collars, and silver lace and trimming. Monday, May 1st, was more observed by people going a-Maying than for divers years past, and indeed much sin committed by wicked meetings, with fiddles, drunkenness, ribaldry, and the like. Great resort came to Hyde Park, many hundreds of rich coaches and gallants in attire, but most shameful powdered hair; men painted, and spotted women, some men played with a silver ball, and some took other recreation.'

All have to admit that the decorum of the Commonwealth Court was altogether what a Christian nation could desire; it was entirely in keeping with that great Puritan age. However brilliant or fascinating they might otherwise be, persons of loose morality or of known bad principles were discouraged or given to understand that their presence was not desired. Thus, at one time Cromwell learned to value the brilliant conversation of the Danish nobleman, Hannibal Sesthead; but on learning that the foreigner's character was not such as he would

approve, the Protector refused to meet him any more. Then when there was a prospect of Christina, Queen of Sweden, coming on a visit to England, Cromwell gave no encouragement, much as he admired the talents of the only child of Gustavus Adolphus. 'I fear that the morals of others may be prejudiced by her example,' he said; and indeed the Queen's life and crimes were such as would hardly have been excused even in one reared amid semi-barbaric surroundings. This is the more remarkable because the Lord Protector's hospitality was ever on a most liberal scale. On each successive Monday there was an open table for officers in the army; but there was a table every day for any officers whose business might bring them to Court. Rigidly abstemious himself, the Protector discouraged all excess, but all the more on that account he was a model host and entertainer to the people he governed.

The Protector's wife, Elizabeth, was in all respects a woman after his own heart; one who could admire the military genius and political sagacity of her husband without being captivated by the splendours of her social surroundings, or aspiring to take any part in public affairs. The daily life of the two sufficiently proved that their union was a genuine

love-match on both sides. Elizabeth looked up to her partner as one who was the complement of her own earthly happiness, and also as a man who was indispensable to England at that great period in the national history. It was in the society of his wife, and in the bosom of his family, that Cromwell sought and found such solace as was a relief to him in his trying position. Had it not been for his strong faith in God, and the sympathy and aid of those who surrounded him in private life, we know from his own confessions that he would not have been able to have borne the almost crushing burdens which daily pressed upon him.

There exists a charming picture of 'Sunday afternoon at Hampton Court,' when the Cromwell family lived there in the days of the Commonwealth. As the main figure in the group, the Protector is seen sitting with his wife on the right and his daughter Claypole on the left; while Milton at the organ reminds us of the love of music which characterised the household.

But one considerable figure was now missing from that family circle—Elizabeth Cromwell, the Protector's mother, entered into rest in November, 1654. Being in her ninety-fifth year, the date of her birth was almost as

distant as the accession of Queen Elizabeth. The main events of that prolonged life included the birth and death of Shakespeare, the destruction of the Spanish Armada, and many other tragic things in the history of nations. As was the case with her daughter-in-law, affairs of state and royal pageantry were of small account with this genuine mother in Israel as the Puritans would have esteemed her. 'Thou brave one, Mother of a Hero, farewell!' says Carlyle. Fears and anxieties, inseparable in such an age from the exalted position her family had attained, attended the old soul to the last. Ludlow has left on record how at any report of firearms 'she would often be afraid her son was shot,' so that she 'could not be satisfied unless she saw him once a day at least.' Her last words were worthy of coming down to posterity: 'The Lord cause His face to shine upon you and comfort you in all your adversities, and enable you to do great things for the glory of your Most High God, and to be a relief to His people. My dear son, I leave my heart with thee. Good-night!'

In regard to plots for the murder of the Protector there was some cause for anxiety; he had to deal with opposition from enemies and even former friends at home, and with schemes

for his assassination hatched abroad. No good purpose would be answered by giving details of these conspiracies, for taking part in which some justly paid with their lives, and all of which, after the battle of Worcester, were more or less inspired by the proclamation which Hyde—better known to us as Clarendon—is said to have drawn up for Charles. It would be 'an act acceptable to God and man' if this 'certain mechanick fellow by name Oliver Cromwell' could be removed 'by pistol, sword, or poison,' and an annuity of £500 a year was promised to the assassin 'within any of our three kingdoms' who should accomplish this desirable piece of service. If Clarendon actually penned that paper he must have been a murderer at heart in common with his master. And yet, as an historian, Clarendon, notwithstanding his bias, could be nobly impartial, especially when he said concerning Cromwell: 'It was hard to discover which feared him most, France, Spain, or the Low Countries.' Was there anything he could have demanded of any one of these which would have been willingly refused? These things and many more were remembered when England came down to a position of disgrace in the degenerate times of the Restoration. Many then regretted that

the days of Cromwell's benevolent despotism were past, to make way for political and religious slavery which had come as an outcome of the popular desire for the restoration of the Stuarts.

Meanwhile we may question whether a great ruler was ever served by two such secretaries as Milton and Andrew Marvell, who served Cromwell when the Protector was at the height of his power. The poet defended the cause of the English people with all the force of patriotism and genius; while in the days which succeeded, Marvell proved himself to be utterly incorruptible. Of course it added to the difficulties of Cromwell's situation that he was too far in advance of his time for the people to understand him; but he was well understood by Milton and Marvell, who admired his patriotism no less than his abilities. As much may be said on behalf of Robert Blake the Admiral of the Commonwealth, whose victories made the name of England to be feared in every foreign country. He silenced Rupert's bragging on the sea by destroying the Royalist fleet in 1649; he crippled the Dutch, and finished up by capturing a Spanish treasure fleet, which brought a large supply of silver to the English exchequer. Blake died within sight of Plymouth on his return to England, and after Cromwell had sent him a rare

jewel worth £500 as a compliment. Edward Montague of Hinchingbrook served with Blake; but though he enlisted for the Parliament as a youth at the outset of the civil war, he was never of the mettle of the admiral; and our last glimpse of him is when he jumps from his burning ship into the sea while fighting the Dutch off Southwold in 1672.

The house of Cromwell's secretary, John Thurloe, still stands, apparently much in the same condition that he left it, in Chancery Lane. His State papers, collected in seven volumes, make a valuable collection for the history of those times. Like some others, he fell into some trouble at the Restoration; but he lived to refuse to take part in the King's government, and died at the age of fifty-two in 1668.

We might speak of many others who were the friends of Cromwell, or who, while still opposed to kingly government, resisted him, and so added perplexity to his rule. There were the Fifth Monarchists, who would have abolished man's government altogether, in order to usher in that of Christ. More harassing than the plottings of mere fanatics was the opposition of high-principled and determined Republicans like Sir Henry Vane. Mr. Forster calls Vane 'one of the greatest and purest of

men'; but he was one of those who was judicially murdered at the Restoration.

The last months of the Protector's life came heavily laden with trials. He had for long had a friend in the Earl of Warwick, a veteran nobleman twelve years older than himself, and who since the breaking out of the national troubles had ranked as a good friend of the Parliament and a leader among the Puritans. Referring to the earl and the latter party, Clarendon says that, 'he had great authority with that people, who in the beginning of the troubles did all the mischief: and by making his house the rendezvous of all the silenced ministers, in the time when there was an authority to silence them, and spending a good part of his estate, of which he was very prodigal, upon them; and by being present with them at their devotions, and making himself merry with them and at them, which they dispensed with, he became the head of that party, and got the style of a godly man.'

It was the youthful grandson of this patriotic nobleman, the Hon. Robert Rich, who married Cromwell's youngest daughter, Frances, at or about Christmas, 1657. Young Rich died in two months; the old earl also passed away a few weeks later. Both families deeply felt this bereavement, and the Protector's letter to

his valued friend, the old Earl of Warwick, drew forth a characteristic reply, which had this conclusion: 'Others' goodness is their own. Yours is a whole country's—yea, three kingdoms'; for which you justly possess interest and renown with wise and good men. Virtue is a thousand escutcheons. Go on, my lord, go on happily, to love religion, to exemplify it. May your lordship long continue an instrument of use, a pattern of virtue, and a precedent of glory.'

Thus troubles seemed to come thick and fast during the Protector's last months of life. His daughter Frances became a widow almost as soon as she was married; the passing away of Lord Warwick made a great gap; and in August we see Cromwell for the first time apparently neglecting affairs of State to attend at the bedside of another daughter, Lady Claypole, who died at Hampton Court in the month named. Being in ill-health himself, this finally broke down the strong man; so that Cromwell passed away on Friday, September 3rd—the anniversary of Dunbar and Worcester—worn out in the public service of England, but full of gratitude for the way in which the Lord had led him, and of joy at the prospect of entering the everlasting kingdom.

CROMWELL HOUSE.
Stands on the site of "Austin Friary," Huntingdon.

[*Facing p.* 235.

CHAPTER X

RELIGIOUS, SOCIAL, AND INDUSTRIAL LIFE

WHILE Cromwell is sometimes called the King of the Puritans, that may remind us that the period of his ascendancy was a time of religious fervour and activity such as had never been known in England before. Men seemed to be devoutly looking and hoping for the regeneration of the world; but while fired with zeal, and while the very words of Scripture inspired action and entered into the talk and action of everyday life, human weakness often showed itself when the best of people too often mistook the means by which the Golden Age would have to be ushered in.

Puritanism was an outcome of the Reformation, but it was something more than that: the Puritans were as the fine gold which came out of the fires of persecution during the second half of the sixteenth century. We have only to remember what was done by

Philip II. in the Netherlands, by Charles IX. in France, by Mary in England, to realise that the fires were fiercely hot while they lasted. Nevertheless, the revived faith of the Primitive Church, which came to be known as Protestantism, could not be killed; it made such vast strides in England under Elizabeth that, while thinking for themselves, men grew dissatisfied with any faith or discipline which, in their judgment, fell short of scriptural standards. There were the Puritans within the Church of England who at the accession of James I. hoped much from 'A king bred up among the Calvinists'; but who were 'soon cured of their mistake,' said Mrs. Hutchinson, who goes on to show how 'Arminianism crept in to the corruption of sound doctrine, till at length they had the impudence to forbid the preaching of those great and necessary truths concerning the decrees of God.' Thus, broadly speaking, religion was represented by two parties—Calvinists and Arminians, the former being nicknamed Puritans. According to Mrs. Hutchinson: 'Such false logic did the children of darkness use to argue with against the hated children of light, whom they branded besides as an illiterate, morose, melancholy, discontented, crazed sort of men, not fit for

human conversation, as such they made them not only the sport of the pulpit, . . . but every stage, and every table, and every puppet-play belched forth profane scoffs upon them.'

Leaving out of the reckoning that large proportion of the people who were of no religion at all, we shall not make the mistake of supposing that all that was good was confined to one side. Even Laud himself may have had an ideal in which the most strait-laced precisian would possibly have seen something to admire. Then we seem bound to believe that in many parishes of the Episcopal Church there were many who were true shepherds to their flocks in a gospel sense. Even those who looked after scandalous ministers must often have come on that which drew forth their commendation.

In a religious, no less than in a political sense, Cromwell himself was a man of education. His letters sufficiently prove that he thoroughly understood the Christian doctrines as expounded by the Genevan Reformer. In regard to liberty of conscience he was also in advance of his time; he was something like a champion. In a letter to Cardinal Mazarin in 1656 the Protector shows how he had already saved even many Roman Catholics from 'the

raging fire of persecution, which did tyrannise over their consciences, and encroached by an arbitrariness of power upon their estates.' The Protector was able even to add, that under his rule 'the Catholics had less reason for complaint as to rigour upon men's consciences than under the Parliament.'

All this shows very liberal views in regard to religious liberty in the case of one to whom the repression of Romanism had come down as a supposed duty from the days of Elizabeth, and from those who escaped being victims of the Gunpowder Plot. One case only of a Roman Catholic priest being executed would seem to have occurred during the Commonwealth, and that was one of a keeper of a school who returned to England after being sentenced to banishment. 'So marked was the treatment of many Catholics, in being relieved of persecution,' remarks Dr. Macaulay, 'that he was denounced as a Papist in disguise, and charged with a secret intention to do away with the penal laws, and to remove the disabilities under which English Catholics suffered.' Another writer also reminds us that Cromwell's 'speeches to his Parliaments breathed the same spirit, and indicated the reform that was looming in the future.' In a word, could this great and prescient ruler have

put his own ideas into practice, he would have anticipated some of the more advanced legislation of our own day, some of which may be said actually to be a following in the path which the Protector began to mark out. In his own day the difficulties of the situation were multiplied by the existence of many sects, each being bent on bringing its own ism to the front; but while allowing each to think and act according to conscience, they had to understand that similar liberty must be accorded all round. 'He attempted neither to define nor to defend the theological position of any one of the belligerents,' says Waylen; 'but he was resolved, if possible, to keep them one and all from cutting each others' throats.' His friendly bearing towards others from whom he differed were all in keeping with a benign temper. His cordial reception of George Fox, with whom he sat at a small table, 'spoke bright things to me,' and at last took his hand and said, 'Come again to my house,' at least showed how far Cromwell was removed in this respect from Baxter, who thought that the Kidderminster stocks were well used when Quakers were made fast in them. Milton's thought was that 'a Commonwealth ought to be as one huge Christian personage, one mighty growth and stature of

an honest man;' but the day for realising that ideal had not yet come. Evelyn speaks of Quakers as 'a new fanatic sect, of dangerous principles. . . . A melancholy, proud sort of people and exceedingly ignorant.'

While he was thus minded in the matter of Christian charity, Cromwell was disposed to put down all flagrant abuses and immoral licence with a strong hand, and the Protector's speech to his second Parliament (September 17, 1656), while affording insight into the tendencies of the times, also shows that others were expected to second his endeavours:—

'I did hint to you my thoughts about the reformation of manners. And those abuses which are in this nation through disorder are a thing which should be much in your breasts. It is that which, I am confident, is a description and character of the interest you have been engaged against: the badge and character of countenancing profaneness, disorder, and wickedness in all places, and whatever is most of kin to these, and most agrees with what is popery, and with the profane nobility and gentry of this nation. In my conscience it was a shame to be a Christian within these fifteen, sixteen, or seventeen years in this nation, whether "in Cæsar's house" or

elsewhere. It was a shame, it was a reproach to a man; and the badge of "Puritan" was put upon it. We would keep up nobility and gentry; and the way to keep them up is, not to suffer them to be patronisers or countenancers of debauchery and disorders.'

The situation was one of great difficulty, especially as regarded religion, the Episcopal Church and the Prayer-book having been abolished by the Long Parliament. In the case of England at large, the Protector had tried the experiment of twelve major-generals with their martial law, to preserve order; and his ecclesiastical aims showed the best he could do for the parish churches throughout the country under the circumstances. While Anglicans were practically proscribed, a large number of incumbents, by accommodating their action to the changed times, retained their benefices. With others the times went hard, and the pains and penalties they endured may in some measure be reflected in Walker's *Sufferings of the Clergy*, although numbers of his cases are probably exaggerated. What exercised the Protector's mind more than mere outward discipline or Church organisation, was that in any case the gospel should be fully or faithfully preached. The parish ministers throughout the country really

represented an Established Church sufficiently comprehensive to embrace all of those who afterwards came to be known as the Three Denominations of Protestant Dissenters. A Baptist might be installed in a living which was next to that of an Independent, while a Presbyterian might be a near neighbour of both. But while thus liberally comprehensive, the door of admission was very strictly guarded. An examining board pronounced on the fitness or unfitness of candidates for the ministry; while a company of Triers—successors of similar officers appointed by an Act of 1604—had power to dismiss from their pulpits such preachers as led scandalous lives, or were otherwise incompetent. Not seldom Cromwell was his own Trier, as this quotation given by Weylen from Needham's *The Great Accuser Cast Down* (1657) will show:—

'His Highness having near one half of the livings in England one way or other in his own immediate disposal by presentation, he seldom bestoweth one of them upon any man whom himself doth not first examine and make trial of in person. Save only that at such times as his great affairs happen to be more urgent than ordinary, he useth to appoint some other to do it in his behalf. Which is so rare an example of piety that the

like is not to be found in the stories of princes.'

As we strive to take in the general outlook through the vista of between two and three centuries, we cannot help feeling some sympathy with the Anglicans in their day of adversity. Their representative, Laud, had sown the wind, and they who came after him were reaping the whirlwind. Nor can we help admitting that while the rule of 'the King of the Puritans' was in some measure at times a benevolent despotism, the Puritans themselves were too often iconoclasts in a way we cannot cease to regret. This would still have been the case if their soldiers had done nothing more than break into churches to make firewood of communion-rails, and to scatter the leaves of Prayer-books to the winds; but when Parliament itself promoted the breaking of ancient monuments and of priceless ancient stained glass in London, Westminster, and elsewhere, we realise that art treasures have gone which can never be replaced.

The Puritan rule would be liberal in one direction, and in another just the reverse. From the first, Charles I. had tacked his political quarrel with the Parliament to the Established Church, the result being that Puritans regarded Episcopacy, in common

with Romanism, as a natural enemy. Hence, just about the time that the Jews were re-admitted to England, in 1655, Evelyn tells us there 'came forth the Protector's Edict, or Proclamation, prohibiting all ministers of the Church of England from preaching or teaching any schools, in which he imitated the Apostate Julian.' The latter reference sufficiently shows the quality of Evelyn's Royalist prejudice, although some excuse may be offered for a churchman who on Christmas Day in the year named heard Dr. Wild preach 'the funeral sermon of preaching. . . . The mournfulest day that in my life I had seen.' But while the observance of Christmas was forbidden, various Anglicans made a brave endeavour to claim the liberty to which they were entitled. Among them were Evelyn and his wife, who came to London to attend a seasonable service at Exeter Chapel on the last Christmas Day of Cromwell's life. During service the place 'was surrounded with soldiers,' who claimed the congregation as their prisoners. Evelyn was sharply asked why he durst offend by observing 'the superstitious time of the Nativity,' or 'be at Common Prayers . . . which was but the Mass in English?' and particularly why he prayed 'for Charles

Stuart, for which we had no Scripture?' The soldiers 'were men of high flight and above ordinances, and spake spiteful things of our Lord's Nativity.' Then, during the Lord's Supper, 'the miscreants held their muskets against us, as if they would have shot us at the altar!'

Quite opposed to this was that patriotic interference on behalf of the persecuted Protestants of Piedmont, the subjects of the Duke of Savoy, for whom a sum of nearly £40,000 was collected on the occasion of a national fast, Cromwell himself subscribing £2,000. The Duke of Savoy not only had to stop persecution, but to restore the right of the Protestants which he had taken away.

The favour extended to the Jews was another of the more genial characteristics of the Protector. When the Portuguese Rabbi, Manasseh Ben Israel, petitioned that his co-religionists might come back to England, whence they had been banished for more than three hundred years, a conference at Whitehall was arranged for. Parliament had all along been unfavourable, and when the Jews at last came back it was really by Cromwell's sufferance. At Whitehall the Protector spoke with uncommon power on the subject, making reference to the promises in Scripture relating to the Jews' conversion,

adding, 'I do not know but the preaching of the Christian religion, as it is now in England, without idolatry or superstition, may not conduce to it.' There was just then great expectations rife concerning the Jews. Oughtred, rector of Albury—whose portrait by Hollar is extant—'had strong apprehensions of some extraordinary event to happen the following year, from the calculation of coincidence with the diluvian period: . . . it might possibly be to convert the Jews by our Saviour's visible appearance, or to judge the world.'

It may in some measure aid our understanding the religious life of those Puritan days if we take some passing notice of the Christian ideals of devoted men of the Anglican Church who were far removed from Puritanism both in faith and practice. George Herbert, 1593–1633, and Nicholas Ferrar, 1593–1637, will serve our purpose, although both passed away in the decade immediately preceding the outbreak of civil war.

To the Puritan the practical aspirations of Ferrar, as well as his devotional tendencies, would be decidedly Romish, and this accounts for the wrecking of the establishment he founded at Little Gidding, Hunts, by the army of the Parliament. Being of or about the same age, Ferrar and Herbert were fast

friends, both being what we should now call High Churchmen. The former on account of his strict habits, was even in youth called St. Nicholas; and having the advantage of a university education, he turned aside from commercial pursuits at the time of the accession of Charles I., to carry out a unique kind of scheme, which has caused his life-story to be told in more than one biography, while interest has also been revived by the romance of *John Inglesant*.

Little Gidding lies eleven miles north-west of Huntingdon, and when Ferrar went there he found that the parish church was being used as a barn; but this was now restored to its proper use, while the establishment set up, consisting of or about forty persons, was subjected to the strictest round of discipline, such as advanced enthusiasm alone could have invented. The services of prayers, watchings, Bible repetitions, &c., seem to have been maintained throughout the twenty-four hours of each day and night. The house came to be called a *Nunnery*, but the interest excited attracted many visitors, including the King himself. Various studies and industries were also carried on, great attention being given to medicine and the nursing of the sick. 'Harmonies' of different parts of Scripture were

also produced, which are still extant. When, at the age of forty-four, Ferrar saw that his end was approaching; he selected the ground for his grave, and on this he ordered to be burned a collection of some hundreds of volumes—plays, romances, and other light reading—which had once been prized, but were now valued no more. Being thoroughly trained in domestic arts, the young women must have made the household a model one in this respect; but that consideration would weigh lightly with the Parliament's soldiers when the family showed Royalist sympathies. Ferrar was a modest man; for after being made deacon he seems to have stopped there. He would not 'presume to step one inch higher or further.'

George Herbert—brother to Lord Herbert of Cherbury—1582–1648—'the father of English Deism,' was a man of similar mettle to Ferrar, but, of course, of a more comprehensive genius. In his earlier days his friends included Donne, of St. Paul's, Francis Bacon, and other eminent men, while at the Court of James he showed his 'his genteel humour for clothes.' All this was outlived, however; Herbert came to 'behold the Court with an impartial eye'; to 'see plainly that it is made up of Fraud, and Titles, and Flattery,

and many other such empty, imaginary, painted Pleasures.'

A long courtship was thought to be so unnecessary that George married the handsome Jane Danvers after three days' acquaintance, and gave his new friend some very practical advice in regard to what would be required of her as his wife. When, however, Lord Pembroke presented him to the living of Bemerton, George hesitated; he was almost as retiring in regard to 'priests' orders' as his friend Ferrar, who just or about that same time was setting up his famous model establishment at Little Gidding. 'But that Night, the Earl acquainted Dr. *Laud*, the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, with his Kinsman's irresolution. And the Bishop did the next day so convince Mr. *Herbert*, *That the refusal of it was a sin;* that a Taylor was sent for to come speedily from *Salisbury* to *Wilton*, to take measure and make him canonical Cloaths against the next day, which the Taylor did.' To this Isaac Walton shows us how Herbert, on the day of his ordination was locked in Bemerton Church, 'being left there alone to toll the Bell, as the law requires him.' It was then that while looking in at the church window, a friend 'saw him lie prostrate on the ground before the Altar: at which time and

place he set some Rules to himself for the future manage of his life.'

Thus, in George Herbert and Nicholas Ferrar we have two representative Anglicans, the friends of Laud, and who in some measure may have realised in their faith and practice the Archbishop's ideal of saintly clerical life.

In *The Country Parson* Herbert draws a full-length portrait of an ideal parish pastor—'the deputy of Christ'; and by comparing such a book with *The Reformed Pastor*, by Richard Baxter, we may see what kind of a gulf separated 'the godly party' of the Parliament and the religious section of the Royalists during the civil wars.

As one who has derived his authority direct from God, Herbert's parson 'is exceeding exact in his life'; he avoids luxury, especially drinking, because it is not 'for the servant of Christ to haunt Innes, or Tavernes, or Alehouses, *to the dishonour of his person and office*.' He is 'very strict in keeping his word, though it be to his own hinderence'; while he has 'his apparrell plaine, but reverend and clean, without spots, or dust, or smell.' His chief knowledge is of the Bible—'there he sucks and lives.' He has also read the Fathers, the Schoolmen, and others, and has thus made up for himself a body of divinity so that he is

able to deal with cases of conscience; for 'if a shepherd know not which grass will bane, or which not, how is he fit to be a shepherd?' In prayer 'his voyce is humble, his words treatable and slow'; and during public worship he will not endure 'either talking or sleeping, or gazing, or leaning'; and he insists on 'every one, man and child, answering aloud both Amen and all other answers.' In preaching he is earnest, gaining attention 'by a diligent cast of his eye on his auditors.' He also enlivens a sermon with stories, because country people are 'thick and heavy, and hard to raise to a poynt of zeal and fervency, and need a mountaine of fire to kindle them.' On Sundays, after two services, including one sermon and one catechising, he does some visiting, so that 'at night he thinks it a very fit time, both suitable to the joy of the day, and without hinderance to public duties, either to entertaine some of his neighbours, or to be entertained of them,' being 'very circumspect in all companyes.' His household is well ordered, and though plain, the furniture is 'clean, whole, and sweet'; while his fare 'consisteth most of mutton, beefe, and veal.' The Puritans had their occasional fast-days, but Herbert's parson makes each Friday 'his day of humiliation,' when

he not only abstained from food, but practised 'all acts of mortification.' The parson is also hospitable and charitable, and occasionally he will take even the poor home with him, when he sees that they sit 'close by him, and carving for them, both for his own humility and their comfort.' But he has no love for idlers; and hence he sees 'that there be not a begger or idle person in his Parish, but that all bee in a competent way of getting their living.' In some cases, however, the parson's gifts of charity look like mere gifts to enable him the better to hold his own, as, for example, when in giving he made recipients 'say their prayers first, or the creed and ten commandments, and as he finds them perfect rewards them the more.' As compared with mere lay or secular gifts, this was 'to give like a priest'; but the Puritans would have said it was to bribe like the Pope.

In regard to the church building, Herbert's model parson looks well after needed repairs, and he sees 'that the church be swept, and kept cleane without dust or cobwebs, and at great festivalls strawed, and stuck with boughs, and perfumed with insense.' In the ornamentation of the building there must be no 'light colours or foolish anticks.' His advice in worldly matters is not to be over-

anxious, lest they plunge 'over head and ears into carking and caring.' The parson also gives attention to medicine; but he prefers home-grown herbs to all the conventional prescriptions or drugs of the apothecary. He has also an eye to take note of the predisposing sins of his parishioners. He knows, that 'if a man hath wherewithall to buy a spade, and yet he chooseth rather to use his neighbour's, and wear out that, he is covetous'; and much more of a similar kind. At times he even indulges in mirth 'as knowing that nature will not bear everlasting droopings'; and thus at every point he gets honour for his office and for the religion he professes. He is condescending, kind, but, when need be, he is brave enough even to 'present' offenders, whether rich or poor, to the Bishop for discipline. This may remind us that in some respects the things referred to by Herbert are obsolete. We take his 'Country Parson' to be a portrayal of the system which Laud would have fathered, but sketched by one of higher ability and of a more gentle spirit than the little Archbishop. It is an Arminian or legal system throughout.

Herbert was emphatically the poet of the Anglican Church in his day; he was ex-

tremely popular with his parishioners, and his works have become classic. He had service twice every day in his church; and drawn partly by his great love of music, he walked twice a week to the cathedral service at Salisbury. We find that many who could not attend his daily services, would still 'let their plough rest when Mr. Herbert's saints'-bell rung to praise, that they might also offer their devotions to God with him.'

Did space permit, much might be given by way of illustrating the religious life of those days in connection with the lives of the leading preachers and writers. After the King's execution the most popular book was the *Eikon Basilike; a Portraiture of his Sacred Majesty in his Sufferings*. We hear of forty-seven editions being issued in a short time, the influence being correspondingly great. Readers of that time thought that the late King himself was the author, so that while engaged in the preparation of his famous answer, *Eikonoklastes*, Milton would suppose that he was dealing with Charles's Autobiography. After the Restoration, however, and soon after his preferment to the see of Exeter, Dr. John Gauden—a man who at one time had sided with the popular cause, had been chaplain to the Earl of Warwick, and

had even received a silver tankard for preaching before the Long Parliament—claimed to be the writer. Probably it will never be known who really wrote the book, which is said to have become a kind of Royalist Bible in thousands of homes; but while the 'Royal Image' must practically remain anonymous, we are in no doubt concerning the authorship of Milton's 'Image Smasher.'

A few other prominent names may be mentioned in passing. William Chillingworth — 1602–1644 — whose sentiment in regard to the Bible alone being the religion of Protestants is so often quoted, was not in favour with the Puritans. He was a godson of Laud, and took great interest in the controversy between Anglicanism and Rome, which was then stimulated by the fact of the Queen's being a Roman Catholic. Romish missionaries were then active throughout England, the Jesuits being hopeful of influencing the Universities. Chillingworth became a Romanist, but eventually recanted, and wrote in defence of the English Church. He was one of Waller's prisoners of war at Arundel Castle, and he died soon after. Chillingworth actually attended the King as an engineer at the siege of Gloucester.

During the last months of his life he engaged in hot dispute with Francis Cheynell, a preacher on the other side, and the latter showed that death itself could not end the bitterness of controversy. He attended the funeral of his opponent, and throwing a copy of the *Religion of Protestants* into the open grave he cried, 'Get thee gone, thou cursed book, go and rot with thy author!'

While Chillingworth was thus defending the Protestant cause, Ralph Cudworth—1617–1688—was developing into the champion of revealed religion against the philosophical scepticism in the degenerate age which followed. He preached before the Long Parliament, became Master of Clare Hall, Cambridge, in 1644, and gave great attention to the study of Hebrew and Jewish antiquities. We find him preaching before the Parliament in 1647. He was the friend of Thurlow and a confidant in some measure of Cromwell, but found favour at the Restoration. On account of his masterpiece, the *True Intellectual System of the Universe*, he has been called 'the most learned and philosophical of the Cambridge Platonists.'

Jeremy Taylor was as great a rigorist as Herbert in regard to the authority of the

Church; but while greatly influenced by Laud, he could claim to be a descendant of the Marian martyr, Dr. Rowland Taylor. He is accounted as one of the four mighties of old English divinity, but by yielding to the Archbishop's influence his usefulness as a preacher was correspondingly lessened.

A man of more decision, of equal learning, though of inferior genius, was Archbishop Ussher. While friendly with Laud, he held fast to Calvinism, opposed the toleration of Romanists, but was so honest and straightforward that all parties accorded him respect. Thus he was attached to the cause of the King, but when Ussher died in 1656, the Protector ordered that his remains should be deposited in Westminster Abbey. The *chef d'œuvre* of his numerous works was his *Sacred Chronology*, the calculations of which are now generally rejected, although the dates appear in our Authorised Version of the Bible, the authority for their adoption being unknown.

Then what a contrast there is between Thomas Fuller—1608–1661—and Richard Baxter—1615–1691—the one being chiefly remembered by his *Worthies*, the other by his *Saints' Rest*. The quaint old town of Waltham Abbey, the living of which Fuller

did not relinquish until the year of Cromwell's death, seems still to remind us of the witty and scholarly rector who held his own during the Puritan ascendancy. In 1642 he so offended the members of the Long Parliament by a sermon which he preached before them that for a time he was in danger of arrest; but afterwards he seems to have shown more moderation. His books were so popular that he could say with truth, 'No stationer ever lost by me.' He was famous for his puns, but was once effectively silenced by a friend of whom Fuller asked, 'What is the difference between an owl and a sparrow-hawk?'—the latter being the friend's name, the rector himself being extremely corpulent. 'It is fuller in the head,' was the ready reply, 'fuller in the body, fuller all over!' Of Fuller's great contemporary, Richard Baxter, it must suffice to say, that he occupied a somewhat independent position. Though on the side of the Parliament, he favoured neither the Covenant nor the abolition of bishops, while he was opposed to a Republic. He suffered persecution after the Restoration, even to the time of old age.

In a literary sense, the years of Cromwell's life was a kind of golden age for great poets

and prose-writers. Among those who were ruined by the troubles of the period was the poet Francis Quarles, who, after losing his property in Ireland at the outbreak of 1640, had his discomfiture completed by taking the Royalist side in the civil war. His *Emblems*, with their quaint pictures, retain their hold on a certain class of readers to the present time. He early gave offence to the Parliament by his *Loyal Convert*, and is supposed to have died of grief occasioned by his own and the nation's troubles. George Wither, poet and Oxford scholar—1588–1667—was of another mind; for, taking the popular side in the war, he became major-general of a troop of horse which he had himself raised. He was imprisoned after the Restoration for being too outspoken in regard to the return of the tide.

Limited space precludes more than passing mention being made of Izaak Walton—1593–1683—and of Brian Walton—1600–1661. The first still lives in his *Compleat Angler*, and, as one remarks, 'he hooked a much bigger fish than he angled for when he offered his quaint treatise to the public.' The latter as an Anglican may have suffered some inconvenience; but when he set about the task of preparing the Polyglott Bible with which his name is now associated, he was aided by

Cromwell and the leaders of the Commonwealth, the paper being imported duty free. The work occupied five years in printing, and was published in 1657. In the preface the encouragement accorded by Cromwell to such a monumental work of learning was profusely acknowledged; but at the Restoration this was revised 'to make way for more loyal expressions towards that restored monarchy under which Oriental studies in England immediately began to languish.'

As regards the domestic life of the period, we learn much from many scattered sources, one of these being Mrs. Hutchinson's inimitable account of her husband. This work was first printed and edited early in the present century by the Rev. Julius Hutchinson, a descendant of the Governor of Nottingham, the book now being a volume in that distinguished series, Bohn's Standard Library. Mr. Hutchinson once visited Owthorpe (*cir.* 1775), and although the mansion had then been deserted some forty years, he gave a striking picture of what had once been a Puritan mansion:—

'He found there a house, of which he has the drawing, large, handsome, lofty, and convenient, and although but little ornamented, possessing all the grace that size and sym-

metry could give it. The entrance was by a flight of handsome steps into a large hall, occupying entirely the centre of the house, lighted at the entrance by two large windows, but at the further end by one much larger, in the expanse of which was carried up a staircase that seemed to be perfectly in the air. On one side of the hall was a long table, on the other a large fireplace, both suited to ancient hospitality. On the right-hand side of this hall were three handsome rooms for the entertainment of guests. The sides of the staircase and gallery were hung with pictures, and both served as an orchestra either to the hall or to a large room over part of it, which was a ball-room. To the left of the hall were the rooms commonly occupied by the family. All parts were built so substantially, and so well secured, that neither fire nor thieves could penetrate from room to room, nor from one flight of stairs to another, if ever so little resisted.'

This house, beautifully situated on an eminence in the vale of Belvoir, was thus a typical Puritan house of the better sort. Standing near the ancient Roman road to Leicester, it was bounded by wooded hills, the trees on which Colonel Hutchinson himself had planted. 'On the eastern side the entertaining rooms opened on to a terrace,

which encircled a very large bowling-green or level lawn; next to this had been a flower-garden, and next to that a shrubbery, now become a wood, through which vistas were cut to let in a view of Langar, the seat of Lord Howe, at two miles', and of Belvoir Castle at seven miles' distance, which, as the afternoon sun sat full upon it, made a glorious object. At the further end of this small wood was a spot of about ten acres, which appeared to have been a morass, and through which ran a rivulet. This spot Colonel Hutchinson had dug into a great number of canals, and planted the ground between them, leaving room for walks, so that the whole formed at once a wilderness or bower, reservoirs for fish, and a decoy for wild-fowl.'

Such was the home of the Hutchinsons, which more than a century after the colonel's death bore so many traces of him, and which tenants still wished, by personal self-sacrifice to retain in the hands of the family. He was emphatically a country gentleman, who for the sake of himself and honest neighbours kept a strict watch and took care that the 'wholesome laws and statutes of the land' should be put in force. The locality being 'a rich fruitful vale, drew abundance of vagrant people to come and exercise the idle trade

of wandering and begging; but he took such courses that there was very suddenly not a beggar left in the country.' The poor in the towns were also better looked after than ever they were before. Prior to the civil war there had been complaints made against magistrates who had shown laxity in putting the laws in force against idlers, vagabonds, and idlers to whom work was as repellent as death. No such charge could be brought against Colonel Hutchinson. The large powers which the law then gave to a Justice of the Peace he used for the popular good. He caused 'unnecessary alehouses to be put down in all the towns,' and if he heard of a tavern keeper allowing any licentious disorder to disgrace his house, 'he would not allow him to brew any more.' His being 'a little severe against drunkenness,' really means that he was disposed to punish that sin as a crime, so that, quite naturally, 'drunkards would sometimes rail at him.'

By such the colonel would be reviled as a Roundhead, while the stricter sort would almost disown him for not coming up to their standard. Says Mrs. Hutchinson:—

'When Puritanism grew into a faction, the zealots distinguished themselves, both men and women, by several affectations of

habits, looks, and words. . . . Among other affected habits, few of the Puritans, what degree soever they were of, wore their hair long enough to cover their ears, and the ministers and many others cut it close round their heads, with so many little peaks, as was something ridiculous to behold; whereupon Cleaveland in his *Hue and Cry* after them, begins, "With hayre in characters and Twiggs in Text," &c. From this custom of wearing their hair, that name of Roundhead became the scornful term given to the whole Parliament party, whose army indeed marched out as if they had only been sent out till their hair was grown. Two or three years after, any stranger that had seen them, would have inquired the reason of that name. It was very ill applied to Mr. Hutchinson, who having naturally a very fine thick-set head of hair, kept it clean and handsome, so that it was a great ornament to him; although the godly of those days, when he embraced their party, would not allow him to be religious, because his hair was not in their cut nor his words in their phrase.'

But while this shows the weaker side, the more sober life of the best Puritan households was a protest against the profanity, licentiousness, and drunkenness which the Court of

James I. had brought into fashion, which Charles I. would have restrained, and which again pervaded town society to an incredible degree after 'the blessed Restoration.' Typical Puritans have often been depicted as being sour, strait-laced, with a face set like a flint against all amusements or recreations such as relieve life of its monotony; but a whole class is not to be judged by the prejudice or action of far-gone enthusiasts. Things had gone so far towards superstition in the days of Laud, that Puritans generally may not have looked with favour on mediæval stained glass or sculptures in churches. Many, no doubt, also discountenanced music and other allowable things; but if we still take as examples Cromwell and Colonel Hutchinson—the latter having never showed any love for the Protector's rule—we shall find that they were men of taste and patrons of literature and the liberal arts. As we have seen, Cromwell extended his patronage to literature as in the case of Walton's Polyglott; he sought out men of merit in order to serve them; and he was such a lover of singing and good instrumental music that he was wont to entertain distinguished visitors at Whitehall by providing

the best concerts for them. Both Cromwell and the Nottinghamshire colonel showed no affectation; they spoke naturally; they did not cut their hair into absurd peaks after the fashion of too many of 'the godly party,' and they were friendly to culture in general. Cromwell loved painting no less than music; he took care that the cartoons of Raphael in the royal collection should be secured for the nation; he was the patron of Lely, and he seems to have made Walker the official portrait-painter of the Commonwealth; for it is to that artist that the world is now indebted for several portraits of Cromwell, who ever insisted on being depicted true to life—'pimples, warts, and everything as you see me.'

Colonel Hutchinson had similar tastes. When in London after the close of the wars, he sought out 'all the rare artists he could hear of,' showing the greatest interest 'in paintings, sculptures, gravings, and all other such curiosities, insomuch that he became a great virtuoso and patron of ingenuity.' He invested £200 in works of art from the late King's servants who had received such things in lieu of money for wages; 'to them the colonel gave ready money, and bought such good pennyworths

that they were valued at much more than they cost.' Thus, Owthorpe became a treasure-house of art and literature; and while finding recreation in such pastimes, in his well-furnished library, and in hawks, he still looked well after the improvement of his estate. Being very hospitable, his house and table were open even to those 'who had in public contests been his enemies.' He gave great attention to the education of his children. He gave up his hawks when a certain friend died—'a very sober fellow' who had been his companion in that diversion.

The earlier part of the seventeenth century is believed by Mr. Saintsbury to have been 'the most learned in point of general diffusion of learning that any half-century of any country's history can show.' Nevertheless, Latin, which had been the adopted language of scholars in their books, was getting more out of fashion. The period was a time of transition as well as of action, when many of our great manufactures were developing. One of the most ingenious experiments of James I. had been that of trying to acclimatise silk-worms in the country. Linen was then a new material, and Strafford endeavoured to foster its production in Ireland,

thus hoping to benefit the country without competing with the greater woollen manufactures of England. Trade in iron and coal was increasing; but the trees of Sussex, Oxfordshire, and elsewhere were being used for furnaces. Considering the difference in the value of money, the prices of articles of everyday need were high at the time of the civil war, and it was quite natural that prices should rise, all being a hard contrast to the plenty which had been the rule in the preceding decade. In regard to the effect of the civil war on agriculture, Mr. R. E. Prothero says in *Social England:* 'The period was one of extreme distress. Hartlib states that but for the foreign supplies the people would have starved. The poor farmers, says Blith, in 1651, "lived worse than in Bridewell." The area under corn cultivation diminished . . . inclement seasons added to the distress. In 1648 and 1649 the summers were extremely wet, and as Aubrey says, "deare years of corn." Wheat rose rapidly, till in 1648 it stood at 85s. the quarter. . . . The average taken from 1647 to 1651, was 77s. 7d. Beef and mutton rose to 3½d. per pound. At the same time the purchasing power of wages advanced little or nothing upon the 3d. a day of 1444.'

There was a great fall in the price of wheat in 1654; but the average of 45s. a quarter during the Commonwealth is high, while wages were low, and accounted for the pauperism which existed. A labourer would receive 4d. a day with food, a field woman about half as much, and skilled artisans about double what was given to labourers. A domestic servant would receive 26s. or less a year. Butter at 6d. a pound, eggs three a penny, and a duck for 8d., seem comparatively cheap; but potatoes and vegetables were excessively dear.

There was some improvement in wages after the war, as there was in some other things. Then, no such perfect coins as those of Cromwell, from the dies of Symonds, had been known since the Conquest. The great engineering work of the period was the reclamation of the 700,000 acres of the Fens. 'The work was carried on with vigour, and though it was of necessity partially suspended during the civil war, it proceeded under the Commonwealth,' says Mr. R. E. Prothero. 'Sir Cornelius Vermuyden, its director, reported in 1652, that wheat and other grains, besides innumerable quantities of sheep, cattle, and other stock were raised where never had

been any before.' This encouragement of industry, and development of its resources, tended vastly to enrich the country, while the loose manners and extravagance of the cavaliers certainly tended towards its impoverishment. When the price of daily necessaries is taken into account, the lot of an artisan or an agricultural labourer must certainly have been a hard one. Under such conditions, when money lent on good security would bring 10 per cent. interest, what will be thought of that reckless anti-Puritan gaiety which would squander £21,000 on a single masque entertainment?

Some account may be taken of what the Government of the Commonwealth did for the carriage of letters, the revenue being used for purposes of State instead of being given to a single royal pensioner, as was done after the Restoration. A letter in London was delivered for 2d., and an additional penny sufficed for a distance of eighty miles from the capital. To Ireland the postage was 6d., to Scotland 4d. At that time the Post Office as a popular institution had come out of a state of some confusion. At an earlier date under James, Lord Stanhope had been 'Master of the Posts and Messengers'; but onward, until far into the reign of James, the department was so

badly managed that provincial postmasters would be left unpaid for their services for years. In the decade next preceding that of the civil war, there was but one mail weekly between London and some parts of Europe, over four days being occupied in carrying letters between London, Antwerp, and Brussels. As 'footposts' were used in some of the distant parts of the British Isles, it was actually stated, that 'it is full two months before any answer can be received from Scotland or Ireland to London.' The mails to the Continent were to be expedited, and the distance between London and Edinburgh was to be covered in three days. Under the Commonwealth, it was thought possible to have two posts a week along the great main roads, the enterprise being farmed to John Manley for an annual payment of £10,000. It unhappily happened that an enterprising man named John Hill, who organised a better system, and more rapid than had yet been known, had to be put down by the Government. Hill's day-dream was a penny post, so that that great idea, which was destined to be perfected less than two hundred years later, seems to have had its birth during the Commonwealth.

It was not until after the birth of Cromwell

that newspapers appeared for the first time in these Islands. Late in the reign of James I. Nathaniel Butter and some others started *The Weekly Newes*, which may have been the first newspaper in England published at regular intervals, though occasional sheets with foreign intelligence may have preceded. It was about a year after the Long Parliament, however, that the new age of newspapers really came in, the proceedings in Parliament being for the first time given to the public at that exciting period. The pioneer of several other weekly journals was the *Diurnal Occurrences . . . in Both Houses of Parliament*, which also contained some other news.

But for our purpose, as we look on the excited debates and war-clouds of that fifth decade of the seventeenth century, the two representative journalists or pamphleteers are John Birkenhead—1615–1679—and Marchmont Needham—1620–1678. The former pursued a uniformly consistent course, and was several times imprisoned for writing in favour of the Royalist cause. Needham, with more genius, and being of a more adventurous spirit, wrote against the King during the civil war, and afterwards changed sides to go against the cause of the Commonwealth until a short time before the King's death. The

pedantic names of his papers—*Mercurius Britannicus*, *Mercurius Pragmaticus*, and *Mercurius Politicus*—are almost appalling to us who delight in plainer Saxon; but in that age such titles came with an inviting ring, and the last-named commanded popularity through the years of the Commonwealth, and had the honour to be suppressed in 1660. While Needham was for a time in some danger, Birkenhead had nothing to complain of. One authority tells us that he had 'considerable powers of satire, after a coarse fashion, and was one of the few rough-weather Royalists who were permitted to bask in the sunshine of the Restoration'—which we now regard as the prelude to a still happier time in 'the glorious Revolution.' Quoting Wood—*Athenæ Oxonienses*—the *Encyclopædia Britannica* gives this picture of Needham the changeable at work:—

'At that period he changed sides—*i.e.*, in 1647—and began to write *Mercurius Pragmaticus*, which, being very witty, satirical against the Presbyterians, and full of loyalty, made him known to and admired by the bravadoes and wits of those times. At length . . . Lenthall and Bradshaw persuaded him to change his style once more in favour of the Independents, then carrying all before them.

So that, being bought over, he wrote *Mercurius Politicus*, so extremely contrary to the former that the generalty for a long time . . . could not believe that that *Intelligence* could possibly be written by the same hand that wrote the *M. Pragmaticus*. . . . The last—*i.e.*, the *Pragmatici*—were endeavoured by the Parliamenteers to be stifled, but the former, the *Politici*, which came out by authority, and flew every week into all parts of the nation for more than ten years, had very great influence. . . . He was then (after a fourth change of style) the Goliath of the Philistines, the great champion of the late usurper, whose pen, in comparison of others, was like a weaver's beam.'

These papers under the Commonwealth, which were semi-official, became the precursors of the *London Gazette*. After the death of Cromwell a Government announcement set forth that Needham, 'the author of the weekly news-books,' was superseded by Giles Dury and Henry Muddiman, who were 'authorised henceforth to write and publish the said intelligence, the one upon the Thursday, and the other upon the Monday' in each week.

The coming in of the Stuarts, in 1603, revived the craze of the superstitious in regard to witches, James I. himself being an en-

thusiastic witchfinder. During the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth heavy penalties had been attached to witchcraft; but the burning of ugly and decrepit women for imaginary crimes had fallen off, until 'Solomon the Second' revived the fires and wrote a book on the subject. Under James I. the old Acts seem to have been repealed, and a more drastic statute took their place; and incredible as it may seem, thousands of persons are said to have suffered death under this statute during the three-quarters of a century which passed between 1604 and 1680. Matthew Hopkins, who came to be surnamed the Witchfinder, caused the death of scores of reputed witches in the eastern counties during the earlier years of the Long Parliament. In an age famous for its learning, which was also characterised by great intellectual strength and activity, and which has been regarded as a golden age in theology, it is hardly possible to account for the popular mania concerning witches. 'We must not forget that the wisest and best of men were believers in the power of witchcraft,' says Mr. R. Steele in *Social England*, adding: 'The bishops, one and all, are firm believers; Sir Matthew Hale, Coke, and other judges, accept the monstrous tales of children and convicts, and neglect all the

laws of evidence to convict a witch. Sir Thomas Browne gives evidence against them; . . . the greatest nobles of the land and their wives are the patrons of the astrologers and charlatans of the day.'

In taking account of the social life during the period embraced by Cromwell's life, we may bear in mind that it was a time of epidemics of sickness, especially of plague, which, after coming at intervals for centuries, appeared for the last time in the furious outbreak of 1665, and which finally claimed its last victims in England at Peterborough two years later. At the accession of James I. over 30,000 persons died in London alone; and a still larger number were carried off at the accession of Charles I. In a strange manner plague seems also to have followed in the wake of the civil wars. Many towns in England, Scotland, and Ireland which were besieged suffered severely.

The reign of Charles I. was that in which coal came into more general use throughout England. In the first year of his reign hackney coaches were also started in London by one Captain Bailey, the four vehicles with which he commenced soon being found an insufficient number for the accommodation of those who wished to use them. In the last

year of Cromwell's life it became possible to travel by stage-coach to provincial towns; but in a general way the journeys would occupy about as many days in each instance as hours in our own time. Thus, the run to Salisbury took two days, while York and Exeter needed twice that time. The fares seem to have been regulated at or about 10s. a day for each person. In 1652 Evelyn set up 'my first coach,' the pattern being brought from Paris.

The recollections of John Evelyn, as recorded in his *Diary*, range from the end of the reign of James I. to the early part of that of Anne, and afford now and then a vivid insight into the times. Being over twenty years younger than Cromwell, Evelyn was a very young man when the civil war began, and he had hardly reached his middle-age when the Protector died. His strong Royalist sympathies seem sometimes to verge on fanaticism; so that what is said by such a witness about the vices and want of principle of the Stuarts is a more severe indictment than anything said by their opponents. He was a good Christian man; and while he may excite our sympathy by his details of hardships endured when the interests of his party were in the dust, it is satisfactory that he should have lived long enough to see the final triumph of

the principles fought for at Marston Moor and Naseby, when the last Stuart king fled ignominiously before the threatening storm he had himself raised, at the Revolution of 1688.

To us Evelyn is the hero of his own *Diary*, and he tells of nothing which we would have had omitted. We learn how, in accordance with the 'custom of persons of quality,' he began life with a wet-nurse 'of a good comely, brown, wholesome complexion'; and he was hardly more than out of arms when there was 'a great talk and stir' about the arrival of the Spanish Ambassador, all being the prelude to the proposal that Charles should wed the Infanta. There was a flaming comet in 1618, and the unspent influence of that star helped to account for 'the prodigious revolutions now beginning in Europe.' Soon after, when he was five years old, at the opening of Charles's reign, 'the pestilence was so epidemical that there died in London 5,000 a week, and I well remember the strict watches and examinations upon the ways as we passed.' He was a child of eight when he was 'one day awakened in the morning with the news of the Duke of Buckingham being slain by that wretch Felton.' In 1631 there was something like a famine, 'corn bearing an excessive price.' He notes

the beginning of the popular troubles, the 'insolencies' of the citizens, &c.; and on May 12, 1641, 'I beheld on Tower Hill the fatal stroke which severed the wisest head in England from the shoulders of the Earl of Strafford.' When Evelyn 'fell dangerously ill' in the head an effective cure was found 'by using the fumes of camomile on embers.' Soon after recovery 'I saw a huge ox bred in Kent, seventeen feet in length, and much higher than I could reach.' When crossing to France in 1649 the packet-boat was chased for some hours by a pirate—well named, since it was no other than 'a small privateer belonging to the Prince of Wales.' When the new rulers were 'in full possession' in 1650 he was anxious to see how things were going on at the old royal palaces. At Whitehall he 'found one at exercise in the chapel, after their way'; and at St. James's 'another was preaching in the court abroad.' Fasts seem to have been observed by the members of the English colony at Paris 'for the calamities of our poor Church.' News of the fatal battle at Worcester, 'which exceedingly mortified our expectations,' did not reach Paris until nineteen days after the event. While travelling was thus slower than one might suppose it would have been in the time of

the Romans, old-time beliefs and prejudices lingered as persistently as plague, small-pox, and fever in the narrow, picturesque byways of London and Continental cities. This was still the case in regard to alchemy and the Philosopher's-stone, and even Evelyn himself may have believed that a chemist might attain to the art of making gold. The following relating to Paris in 1652 needs to be told in his own words :—

'I went to one Mark Antonio, an incomparable artist in enamelling. He wrought by the lamp figures in boss, of a large size, even to the life, so that nothing could be better moulded. He told us stories of a Genoese jeweller who had the great *arcanum*, and had made projection before him several times. He met him at Cyprus, travelling into Egypt; in his return from whence he died at sea, and the secret with him, that else he had promised to have left it to him; that all his effects were seized on and dissipated by the Greeks in the vessel to an immense value. He also affirmed that being in a goldsmith's shop at Amsterdam, a person of very low stature came in and desired the goldsmith to melt him a pound of lead; which done, he unscrewed the pommel of his sword, and taking out of a little box a small quantity of powder, casting it into the

crucible, poured an ingot out, which when cold he took up, saying, "Sir, you will be paid for your lead in the crucible," and so went out immediately. When he was gone the goldsmith found four ounces of good gold in it; but could never set eye again on the little man, though he sought all the city for him. Antonio asserted this with great obtestation; nor know I what to think of it, there are so many impostors and people who love to tell strange stories, as this artist did, who had been a great rover, and spoke ten different languages.'

Other superstitions more seriously affected the peace of mind of the people, who to a great extent were the bond-slaves of astrologers, and of 'knavish and ignorant star-gazers.' Thus the eclipse of the sun in the spring, 1652, 'had so exceedingly alarmed the whole nation that hardly any one would walk nor stir out of their houses.' This occurred during a drought which lasted for four months, being followed at midsummer by 'so violent a tempest of hail, rain, wind, thunder, and lightning as no man had seen the like in his age.'

Another character of the times, 'a public-spirited and ingenious person,' one who was 'master of innumerable curiosities and very communitive,' was Samuel Hartlib of London, a Life of whom, for which ample materials

exist, has been said to be 'a desideratum in English biography.' Evelyn tells us that Hartlib 'had propagated many useful things and arts,' and being a Lithuanian, he was also acquainted with Continental ways and fashions. Thus, 'he told me of the castles which they set for ornament on their stoves in Germany, which are furnished with small ordnance of silver on the battlements, out of which they discharge excellent perfumes about the rooms, charging them with a little powder to set them on fire and disperse the smoke: and in truth, no more than need, for their stoves are sufficiently nasty.' Hartlib also knew of other marvels, especially 'of an ink that would give a dozen copies, moist sheets of paper being pressed on it, and remain perfect; and a receipt how to take off any print without the least injury to the original.'

Although coal, or 'sea-coal,' as Londoners called it, was now coming more generally into use, housewives and those they catered for could not all at once overcome their prejudices in favour of wood. In days preceding this age, people had actually petitioned to have the use of coal in London strictly prohibited, on account of its supposed evil fumes while burning. Wishing to take advantage of a great opportunity, Sir J. Winter put forth 'a project

of charring sea-coal, to burn out the sulphur and render it sweet.' As a keen observer of all ingenious inventions, Evelyn went to see Winter's new process.

'He did it by burning the coals in such earthern pots as the glass-men melt their metal, so firing them without consuming them, using a bar of iron in each crucible or pot, which bar has a hook at one end, so that the coals being melted in a furnace with other crude sea-coals under them, may be drawn out of the pots sticking to the coal, whence they are beaten off in great half-exhausted cinders, which being rekindled, make a clear, pleasant chamber fire, deprived of their sulphur and arsenic malignity.'

During the last year of Cromwell's life Londoners of sight-seeing tendencies were being attracted by 'a famous rope-dancer,' whom Evelyn also calls the Funamble Turk and thus describes :—

'I saw, even to astonishment, the agility with which he performed. He walked barefooted, taking hold by his toes only of a rope almost perpendicular, and without so much as touching it with his hands ; he danced blindfold on the high rope, and with a boy of twelve years old tied to one of his feet about twenty feet beneath him, dangling as he

danced, yet he moved as nimbly as if it had been but a feather. Lastly he stood on his head, on the top of a very high mast, danced on a small rope that was very slack, and finally flew down the perpendicular, on his breast, his head foremost, his legs and arms extended, with divers other activities.'

One of nature's curiosities, at this same time was seen in the young German, Barbara Vanbeck 'the hairy woman' mentioned in Grainger's *Biographical Dictionary*, and of whom two portraits were engraved, one in line, the other a mezzotint. Evelyn describes Barbara at the age of twenty :—

'Her very eyebrows were combed upwards, and all her forehead as thick and even as grows on any woman's head, neatly dressed; a very long lock of hair out of each ear; she had also a most prolix beard and moustachios, with long locks growing on the middle of her nose, like an Iceland dog exactly, the colour of a bright brown, fine as well-dressed flax. She was now married, and told me she had one child that was not hairy, nor were any of her parents or relations. She was very well shaped, and played well on the harpsichord.'

It was also a time when ardent naturalists could see various creatures from distant climes which gratified their curiosity. Thus, at

Greenwich was exhibited 'a sort of cat, brought from the East Indies, shaped and snouted much like the Egyptian racoon, in the body like a monkey, and so footed.' This is now thought to have been a mocock. Interest was also shown in living rattlesnakes—'when vexed, swiftly vibrating and shaking their tails, as loud as a child's rattle.' Evelyn was interested in such things as these, but his interest was chiefly in gardens, concerning the laying-out or management of which he would be consulted as a recognised authority on horticulture. The suburbs of London were then famous for stately mansions surrounded by gardens of great extent and rare beauty. As in the case of Mr. Secretary Coventry's estate on Enfield Chase, it was still possible to have a house and three lodges—standing in a park stocked with three thousand deer—which were the only buildings in a radius of twenty-five miles; a congenial retreat, as Evelyn thought, 'for those who are studious and lovers of privacy.'

While the times were thus in general in many respects a great contrast to our own, they are to be regarded as the era in which the chief of the liberties we now enjoy were asserted, never more to be successfully challenged. The Commonwealth period was em-

phatically the time of great men who saw that if Britain was not to become the home of slaves, the encroachments of kingcraft and of priestcraft would have to be checked once and for all. Who laid the foundations of our present all-round religious liberty? 'Among all men who have contributed to that and to the laying of the foundation of our present greatness, no one filled so conspicuous and marvellous a place as Oliver Cromwell,' said Dr. Guinness Rogers, in an address on February 10, 1899. 'If he had never lived there is reason for supposing that we should not have had the free, enlightened Christian England of to-day. The triumph of Charles I. would have resulted in the death of liberty, and might have meant return to the tyranny of Rome. It would certainly have meant a return to despotism in England.'

It therefore behoves Protestants of all denominations and of all political parties to celebrate the 300th Anniversary of Oliver Cromwell's birth on April 25, 1899, as a red-letter day in the annals of Free and Protestant England.

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